

Miscellaneous.

THE KINGLY CHRIST.

BY EDWARD H. ROGERS.

Pilate wrote upon the Cross the words: "This is the King of the Jews." The priests demurred, and asked that it be changed so as to read that He said "I am the King of the Jews." The sarcasm of the Roman governor was sardonic in its character; and the contempt which the Jews expressed for Christ compassed another extreme of human emotion in its infamy. Between the two there lie vast regions of inquiry in respect to the Kingly Christ; the nature of His authority; the means by which it is exercised, and above all its relation to present public exigencies.

Ordinarily it is assumed, and taught, that the only kingdom over which Christ reigns is the human heart, brought under the power of His grace, and consecrated to His service. Under the influence of this theory, the Protestant churches have been somewhat reluctant to develop as organic forces in reforms, or in any exterior work of a humanitarian character. These matters have been referred to the conscience of individuals acting singly, or in association, or to the State, involving the agitation of great moral questions by political means. But it has been found in fact that social reforms present certain phenomena which indicate that the existing conditions of opinion and conduct are at the best partial and inconclusive. This aspect of the growth of the divine kingdom upon the earth takes a concrete form in my mind at the present moment, as I recall some personal incidents which passed under my observation many years ago. A young merchant, of Boston, was reached by religious interest and soundly converted. He was a member of an old and highly respectable firm which had long united the sale of liquor with other business. When the young man in question presented himself for admission to the church, he found a strong prohibitory clause in the covenant, as a condition of membership. This led him to a full consideration of personal responsibility, which resulted in his withdrawal from all participation in the sale of liquor, or the sharing in its profits; and his example was such a perpetual monitor to his partners that the firm soon dropped that branch of their business.

Now I affirm that the theory of the kingly authority of Christ which limits the kingdom of God to the individual experience, would have proved inadequate in this case. The young man was cultured and wealthy; no one would have wished, or been willing if they had, to raise objections to him on the sole question of individual responsibility. But the fact that the church had already taken action of an organic character binding all its members to total abstinence from the use or sale of liquor as a beverage, had totally changed, as well as greatly expanded the individual situation of its members. It had been found that the question could not be left to individuals to decide. So many of the converts were prejudiced by opinion, habit, or interest, that it was impossible for the church to act consistently and effectively, without bringing its power as an organic unit to bear upon the whole body of its members. This had, as we have seen, led to the adoption of the total abstinence pledge as a condition of membership, against the protest of many of the most pious and conservative members of the churches, who still adhered to the old ideas of the kingdom of God as an individualized spirituality.

The Christian Church, I affirm, is a corporation of which the Kingly Christ is the living centre, or organic force. The conversion of individuals is only a part of the work of the church, as the recruiting of soldiers in time of war is only a part of the work of the nation. The work of Christians as individuals in their private personal relations, great as it is, is but a small part of what Christ intends to accomplish as a King leading the whole body of His militant followers as they attack evil with the immense power of organization. The churches of the present day are purer and more Christ-like on the temperance, than they are on any other social question now before the community, and the fact is largely due to its removal from individual limitations by adoption as the organic law of the Christian Church. It is the only social question now pending upon which they have taken this important, and, indeed, decisive action; but indications are not lacking that before many years elapse, some matters now lying somewhat isolated from the sensitive Christian conscience, will present themselves with imperious moral force. These new inspirations will be social in their nature, and on such

a majestic plane as to leave not a doubt of their origin in the intentions of the Kingly Christ, not only to save individuals, but the world in its collective capacity.

I relieve myself again at this point from an abstract discussion by a direct and pointed reference to the present day and its remarkable developments. I have before me a copy of the *Advance*, an able religious paper of the Congregationalists, issued at Chicago. The date is June 12. This paper, in commenting upon the platform of the recent Republican convention, draws attention to the difference between the platform of '64, which encouraged foreign immigration, and that of '84, which commits the party to the policy of exclusion of the Chinese. The editor of the *Advance* then proceeds in very strong language to denounce this plank in the platform, characterizing it as simply "despicable."

May I be allowed to say that the *Advance* appears to have been in a Rip Van Winkle sleep during the last twenty years? Its editor leaves entirely out of account the intense discussion of the social question which has transpired since the war, a discussion which has changed the whole current of American thought, so much so that the columns of the same paper upon whose editorial I am commenting contain a report of a "committee on Christian work in great cities," which has this sentence: "The remedy for Socialism is Christian Socialism." This report was made at the recent annual meeting of the Home Missionary Society of the Congregational Church at Saratoga.

I will admit in the exercise of Christian charity that the present incoherence of public opinion is due to the fact, now widely recognized, that we are in a transition period. Put in a religious form, I have no question but that the transition is from the Gospel dispensation to the full development by Christ of His authority as a King; an authority which He means to extend through the organic forces of His church to all human affairs, as well as every human heart. This compels me to a different view of the recent action of the Republican party, which I will develop on the following line of thought. A great community on the Pacific coast have become convinced that the incoming of the Chinese is disastrous to the higher interests of society as represented in the prosperity of the common people; their candidate and their principles were accepted by the Republicans at Chicago. On the coast of the Atlantic, and in the central States, there is a broad development of kindred principles and impulses in the prevalence of the idea of protection as against free trade. Hitherto this interest has found its chief expression from the side of capital, but the action at Chicago has opened a wide door for a discussion in the immediate interests of labor. The working people who are protectionists have in the past refused to unite with the manufacturers in a broad movement because of the evidently one-sided position of the latter in excluding foreign goods, but inviting a constant influx of laborers willing to accept low wages.

But the recent political action is not the only influence at work tending toward the incoming of a new era. The National Association of American Economists, the official organ of the leading protectionists, has stretched out a friendly hand to the American working people, and proposes material aid in the formation of clubs for the dissemination of American ideas in respect to labor, among the masses; this will unify the interests of labor and capital, on one point at least, and will give room incidentally for a better understanding between the now discordant forces. Under the new impulses there will be a much better chance for the growth of commercial co-operation, for this very defective form of effort is all that can be expected until the full inauguration of the Kingly Christ commences the millennial era.

The committee of the N. E. Conference on Foreign Missions state in their recent report that: "The point of resistance [to the conversion of the world] is financial." I affirm that this is as true of Massachusetts as it is of India; and I ask most earnestly for a fair consideration of the new ideas which are now appealing to the people.

Chelsea, Mass.

ABRAHAM'S SURRENDER.

BY REV. H. W. BOLTON, D. D.

The inventive mind of man could not rest in idle wonder. It must do and dare. So when once the waters were off the wastes of the mountains, the sons of Noah began their work of escape to the fatherland by building a tower from the apex of which they hoped to step into heaven; but when confusion had scattered them, they began the work of

character-building, and in this "the man of faith," Abraham, soon became prominent. Of him it is written, "The friend of God," for by a common law of surrender he secured the care and protection of God and a seat at the head of the table in the paradisiac world.

The story is simple and oft-repeated, and yet it will never lose its power to charm, from the fact that in offering his son, Abraham surrendered everything on which the promise of future greatness rested, and shut himself up to the naked, unsupported word of promise, which brought to him Jehovah's last promise of greatness: "That in blessing I will bless thee, and in multiplying I will multiply thy seed as the stars of the heaven and as the sand which is upon the sea-shore, and thy seed shall possess the gate of his enemies."

This law, wonderful as it seems when enforced at the will of God, is of universal application. The block surrendered to the artist soon takes on the beauty and grace of the artist's ideal, for the block receives the benefit of the sculptor's system of carving. So when man surrenders himself to any system of forces, he receives the benefit of that system if perfectly worked. The imperfect scholar has three grounds for apology—imperfect subject, teacher, or system; while the Christian has but one. The system of forces known as Christianity is perfect, and the Executive promises to do perfect work regardless of the condition of His subject. He promises to present them all without fault before the Throne on high. Imperfect Christians must find the cause in the surrender of the subject. "They are servants to Him whom they yield themselves to serve," and God is only responsible for the amount committed into His care; hence Paul says: "I am persuaded that He is able to keep that which I have committed unto Him."

Let every man, woman and child, who has cause for dissatisfaction in any department of life, first ask, "Have I surrendered myself to this system so that the system has had a fair chance?" Perhaps the system is suffering in your criticism for your failure; if you are a Christian, I know you are at fault, for God promises perfection in every case, and His system was constructed with perfect knowledge of all persons; so that there cannot be peculiar, hard, or exceptional cases. It is the boast of all Christians that Christianity with a fair chance produces perfection in all cases. Submit this case, O doubting man, for this is the short and only road to true greatness in this or any other world known unto man. In that moment when man surrenders to God, he receives all of God it is possible for God to bestow upon man, or for man to hold of God.

Abraham had faith in God when he went forth into a land he knew not of, but he had not surrendered all. He does not trust his wife's beauty with promised protection, and deceived the people by calling her his sister; but there came a time when he could and did trust all that men count dear to themselves, with God, and you will search in vain for anything like duplicity in subsequent acts.

This saves from all imposition in the church of God. Men may lift their friends into positions they are not qualified to fill, and the church militant may suffer; but the church cannot suffer by this, because man's evidence of acceptance with God does not rest upon another's testimony, but rather upon the testimony of the Spirit to their spirit. Hence the confidence remains, and God never intrusts with power until the tests have proven man trustworthy. I say until the tests have proven; for I question if the test did not have more to do with the condition of Abraham's heart than anything else, and only for his influence upon him, it never would have been given. God brought the Abraham of Gerar up through this test to the Abraham of Mt. Moriah, and then said to him, "Because thou hast done this in blessing I will bless thee," and to the world: "That is the kind of men I honor." "Mark the perfect man and behold the upright, for the end of that man is peace." Oh, that men would surrender their all to God, "with whom is no variableness neither shadow of turning!" To surrender to the will of man is to share the fate of Cassablanca in the battle of the Nile, but the Commander never loses a battle, but promises, "To him that overcometh a seat in His throne, even as He overcame and sat down with His Father in His throne."

"I worship thee, sweet will of God,
And all thy ways adore;
And every day I live I seem
To love thee more and more."

HUNGARY.

Its Spiritual Darkness, Its Dawning Light.

BY M. H. WINSLOW.

Ever since the patriot Kossuth dawned upon the youthful enthusiasm of the writer as a star of the first magnitude, the land of the Magyars has possessed for her certain favor of romance, and she watched with great interest a few years ago the attempt of Rev. Oliver Morse, then a student in a German University, to implant the Sunday-school idea in Hungary, and during his vacation to establish a model school in Pesth. From this humble seed-sowing there are already returns of fruitage which gladden the hearts of those who are anxiously watching for the germination of the grain.

Sunday-schools are scattered here and there in the larger cities and towns, the most notable being that of Budapest, where Rev. Mr. König is general superintendent of the work. A Sunday-school paper in the Magyar language has been established, and quite recently a Sunday-school hymn-book has been published, containing a collection of hymns, partly original, partly translated from popular American hymnology.

In the letter which accompanies the first copy of this new publication, Pas-

tor König says that the Sunday-school work in Hungary has recently received a mighty impulse, and through it the general work of evangelization. At the commencement of the last summer school vacation Mr. Istvan Fa was deputed to undertake a tour of Hungary for the purpose of making Sunday-school work known, and, if possible, establishing Sunday-schools. In his carefully-written report of this tour, Mr. Fa says: "The district lying on the right bank of the Danube seemed to me the most suitable to visit, because Sunday-school work is less known and the need very urgent. I visited the reformed congregations in Kaab and Komoru. In Kaab the pastor received me kindly, and would have opened a Sunday-school at once, but the holiday time was unfavorable, the children were scattered, and it was impossible to gather them. The same difficulty met me in various communities which I visited successively." The pastor, however, listened gladly to his message, and promised to open Sunday-schools at the beginning of the school year. The pastor of Kaab came to Budapest in September for the express purpose of inspecting both the Sunday-school of the Scotch Mission and the Hungarian school in another part of the town, and announced himself ready to commence a similar one on his return.

Mr. Fa visited Keresztes, Iszakszent, Gyorgy, and Csurgó, the young minister at Keresztes promising to send a report of the opening of his Sunday-school. At Papa the traveler was warmly received by the professors of the theological faculty and the teachers of the Reformed Educational Institution. "A very aged divinity professor remarked that he was high time Hungary should awake from her sleep and become alive to these means for kindling new life among old and young." This old professor was told of the Sunday-school work of the students of Budapest, and he assured the visitor that there were earnest, able young students at Papa also, and "that a Sunday-school would be opened there immediately after the holiday season and that a weekly preparation meeting would be held by one of the professors."

In concluding his report, Mr. Fa says: "Religious instruction is by no means neglected in Hungary, but our children are not always taught in the best way to apprehend the precious truths conveyed, neither can they understand the catechism which they commit to memory, because they know too little of the Bible. The chief blessing of Sunday-schools is to attract the children to the pure, unadulterated source of life and light, the Word of God."

The writer of the above report alluded to the interest taken in Sunday-schools by the students of Budapest, which is the more remarkable as this university has heretofore been one of the strongholds of rationalism. These young men have founded six Sunday-schools in the city and its environs, which they continue to carry with exemplary patience. They have about two hundred and fifty scholars under their instruction, on whom rests the manifold blessing of God. Through the kindness of Rev. Mr. Kaskonetti, at present at work among Hungarians in New York city, the writer has in his possession a translation of the "appeal" signed by thirty-one of these students and circulated among their fellow-students in other universities and institutions of learning throughout Hungary. The whole document is very touching. Such extracts are given as space will allow:—

"Beloved Fellow Students: After His resurrection and before His ascension the Lord Jesus commanded His disciples to go and make disciples of all nations, baptizing them in the name of the Father and of the Son and of the Holy Ghost, thus making it the duty of all Christians to help in spreading the Gospel. It would be very lamentable if we Hungarians alone should be the exception, and we alone should not search the words of everlasting life, and should not proclaim divine knowledge without which people perish. The appeal speaks at some length of the prevailing corruption, indelicacy and spiritual deadness, and the peril to the nation from this state of things, and argues that only by the reception of the Spirit of God can enlightenment, union and growth come. Then: 'After . . . by God's help we founded Sabbath-schools. Our purpose thereby is to carry the Word of God to little children, to bring them to the sense of their sinfulness and to their Saviour, and thus to pure moral life, salvation and happiness.'"

The way to open and manage Sunday-schools is then minutely described, with the distribution of religious tracts, and then: "After relating these things, we ask you, beloved friends, will you not give us a friendly and brotherly hand? If you believe in the Lord Jesus Christ, will you not lead little children to Him, young men having the best prospects of success in this cause? . . . We beseech you to begin this work. Bibles and small children you will find everywhere. Everybody can devote two hours a week to this blessed work. We ask you, also, to let us know the success of your efforts, that the five Presbyterian and three Lutheran theological seminaries of the land, notwithstanding possible differences of views, may, upon the ground of Protestantism, be united in God's holy name. . . . In foreign lands there are Sunday-schools already everywhere. In America there are over a million Sunday-school teachers. The manifest blessing of God is on our holy work. We see how fruitful and disobedient children are changing, how they begin to listen with reverence to the mighty acts of God; we see those who would not neglect their Bible for all the world neglect their children about whom they have learned, and we see men of the highest position coming to our Sunday-schools."

The reflex influence of such work upon the workers is then considered, and its effect in preventing the ruin of skepticism, and then: "Open your hearts while we are knocking at the doors. . . . Take up the care of little children, and you take up the cross of the Lord. As Peter once did at the commandment of Jesus Christ, let us cast down our nets into the sea. You will see that both boats of the Hungarian churches will be filled."

THE CASE OF G. W. RULAND.

At the late session of the New Hampshire Conference, Mr. G. W. Ruland, a member of that body, was returned "withdrawn under charges," as provided by Question 26 in the order of Annual Conference proceedings. And this incident might have passed without a ripple upon the surface of society, but for another movement of Mr. Ruland, the manner of conducting it, and other parties enlisting in his service. It appears that after receiving a copy of "charges" duly made up and formally presented against him, involving moral character, the said Mr. Ruland offered himself—without the charges—to a sister denomination, the "organ" of which denomination had hasty proclamation of this accession. But when the Conference convened and proceeded serenely to mind its own business, and do it, the organ aforesaid, with lesser lights of the same sort united in the same work, was thrown strangely at issue, if not wholly out of tune; yet they moved fiercely to the rescue. And having summed up the whole matter, they reached the conclusion, in their own minds, that a great wrong had been done which they must set right. And having done this to their fullest satisfaction, and with an evidently clear conviction that there is no defense and that nothing can be said on the other side, the organ opens its columns to this writer! Strange as it may seem, this writer was not slow to speak. And—not very strange—though two slow-moving months have made up their time, this writer has not yet been heard from through that organ!

Now I would not ask your columns, but being set for the defense of the Gospel, as are you, and certain misrepresentations of this case coming before the public through the press, I break down my modesty and persuade myself that the case justifies a reluctant appearance before the public; and I also force myself to ask a little of your valuable space to set these things right. The conclusion to which the *Farmer's Cabinet* and the *N. H. Journal*—the aforementioned organ—have come is that it is a clear case of persecution, "without reason or excuse." This grave conclusion rests on two undisputed facts; but that these facts justify the conclusion to well-balanced minds, each one may judge for himself. The first of these facts is that the writer heretofore had no charges against him (the said Ruland) the 7th of March last; and the other is that Methodist ministers whom Mr. Ruland met the 19th of March said nothing about charges! What wonder that the mind that can find such lessons in such facts, should arrogate wide dominions! So far as I am concerned, it is true as to the fact, and yet before that March was gone, I had a long list of charges. Very likely those ministers seen the 19th were as innocent of them at that date as I the 7th. At least, they may have been. I submit that the above conclusion is not justified by the facts.

Again, the public is informed that the "charges" were "reported" after Mr. Ruland's "withdrawal." While this is literally true, it is misleading and false in its teaching. The charges were "reported" to the Conference more than two weeks after they had been served on him, as is shown by his letter of withdrawal, and before that letter was written. They were "reported" when his name was called in the regular order of Conference business. And that letter leaves the distinct impression on the mind of the reader that the withdrawal was produced by the presentation of the charges.

It is asserted again, as a grave wrong to Mr. Ruland, that the charges were "reported in his absence." This is false. But like the foregoing, it is false in the impression given to the public. They were reported in his absence because he was not present when his name was called and just as he knew they would be. And he had made known his purpose not to appear. This we knew by his letter. But this was no wrong to him. Had he desired it, every reasonable opportunity would have been given him to meet the charges at his convenience. All this he declined. The Conference simply recorded the facts which Mr. Ruland made.

Mr. Ruland claims, also, that the main charges had been met and settled a year ago. If that is true, it must have been easy to dispose of them the second time. He need only produce the record of the former settlement. Why cry from bills already settled? The cry of "persecution" will not answer this question. A settlement must stand; and a whole Conference, or even a majority, is not likely to persecute one of their brethren. All history shows the leaning to be the other way. Doubtless it is easier to "vindicate" before a church which has no charges than before a Conference which has. So he tries the former and flies the latter.

In respect to another charge, he gives, first, a letter in full, with the writer's name and the date, apparently not observing the fact that it does not so much as name the matter of the charge. At another time and in another paper, as if the omission had been noted, he quotes from the same letter, stretching the quotation to cover the charge; thus showing that sometimes a part is greater than the whole! And yet this kind of "vindication" is accepted! "Charity suffereth long; 'Charity never faileth.' But it is impossible to resist the conclusion that Mr. Ruland knew he was deceiving the public. I forbear comments.

The New Hampshire Conference can bear a large amount of "bossing." Some weapons are concealed by the organ, while others are traced by their dullness alone. We will not

throw one straw in the way of Mr. Ruland's advancement among his new acquaintances. But he must not expect to cast us down that he may rise. And the late communications to the public through the press have sadly shaken the confidence we had in him when he left us. He evidently takes us to be weaker than the facts justify, or he is weaker and more wicked than we believed. O. H. JASPER.

THINGS DONE AND UNDONE AT THE LATE GENERAL CONFERENCE.

BY REV. S. L. GRACEY.

SECOND PAPER.

OFFICIAL BOARDS.

We have them now recognized, provided for, and to be constituted as follows:—

"Whenever the quarterly conference of any charge shall desire it, it may organize, and continue during its pleasure, an official board, to be composed of all the members of the quarterly conference, including the trustees and Sunday-school superintendents, except those who are not members of the church. The official board may hold its meetings at such time as it may determine, and shall be presided over by the preacher in charge, or in his absence by a chairman pro tem, elected by the meeting. When so organized, the official board may discharge the duties belonging to leaders and stewards' meetings, except the special duties assigned in ¶ 178, § 8, Art. 3 to 8 (which refer to persons walking disorderly, neglect of means of grace, changes in classes, probationers recommended and license to preach), devise and carry into effect suitable plans for providing for the finances of the church, and discharge such other duties as the quarterly conference may from time to time commit to it, not otherwise provided for in the Discipline; it shall keep a record of its proceedings and send the same to the fourth quarterly conference for approval."

INCREASE OF NUMBER OF STEWARDS. "There shall be not less than three, nor more than thirteen stewards," etc.

LICENSING AND ORDAINING WOMEN TO PREACH.

The committee on Itinerancy reported "that in their judgment it was inexpedient to take any action on the subject." The report was adopted after animated discussion.

TIME LIMIT OF PASTORATE.

The same committee reported "adversely to any change in the time limit of the pastoral term." Yet they allowed the rule to be suspended in Germany and Switzerland, which Conference was placed under the missionary rule; the German Conferences in the United States being under the same limitations as the English-speaking Conferences in this country.

LAY REPRESENTATION IN THE ANNUAL CONFERENCE.

Reported upon unfavorably by the committee, and action confirmed by the Conference.

FREEDMEN'S AID SOCIETY.

Resolutions were adopted rejoicing in the progress of our work among the colored and white people of the South: "That the question of separate or mixed schools we consider one of expediency, which is to be left to the choice and administration of those on the ground and more immediately concerned, provided there shall be no interference with the rights set forth in the preamble and these resolutions."

Again: "That the pastors in presenting the claims of this society and making appeals for funds should state plainly that the work is among both races, and that all contributors may be allowed, whenever they may desire to do so, to designate where their gifts shall go."

The preamble above referred to provides: "We are in duty bound to provide for and secure to every class of our membership, as far as possible, a fair and equal opportunity in church and school accommodations. Equal rights to the best facilities for intellectual and spiritual culture, equal rights in the eligibility to every position of honor and trust, and equal rights in the exercise of a free and unconstrained choice in all social relations, is a principle at once American, Methodist and Scriptural."

MISSIONARY BISHOP.

The following report from the committee on Judiciary was adopted: "Under the third Restrictive Rule the General Conference has power to appoint a missionary bishop or superintendent for any of our foreign missions, limiting his jurisdiction to the same respectively. With this exception, all our bishops other than missionary bishops are equal in authority and jurisdiction, and subject to the same regulations of assignment of residence and work. It is, therefore, the opinion of the committee that the General Conference has the power to fix the residence of any of its bishops in any part of the territory occupied by the Methodist Episcopal Church."

WITHDRAWAL OF MEMBERSHIP.

The following is added to ¶ 179, § 5, of Discipline: "When any member in good standing proposes to withdraw from the Methodist Episcopal Church, he shall communicate his purpose in writing to the preacher in charge of the circuit or station. On receiving such notice of withdrawal, the preacher in charge shall enter the fact upon the records of the church."

CHURCH LETTERS.

must be signed by the preacher in charge, but if there be none, by the presiding elder. The form of certificate is changed somewhat:—

"This certifies that A. B., the bearer, is an acceptable member of the—Methodist Episcopal Church in—, and is affectionately commended to the fellowship of the Methodist Episcopal Church

in—or to any other church to which he may present this letter. When admitted by another church his relation to this charge will cease."

It is not valid for a longer period than one year, but may be renewed by the pastor of the church from which received; the pastor giving certificate to notify the one into whose parish the party removes, who on receiving certificate will notify the pastor issuing it of its acceptance. The pastor may give a note of recommendation to any member desiring to unite with any other evangelical denomination. Letters not to be given unless change of membership actually intended. Letters shall be sent to the pastor within whose parish parties may have removed without letter. If they cannot be found, or do not accept letter, they shall be marked on the church record opposite their names, "removed without letter," after the expiration of one year.

Our Book Table.

Mr. John B. Alden, publisher, New York, fulfills his promise in the rapid issue of the eight-volume edition of *Goethe's History of Faust*. The first volume, now sending out the fourth volume, and all the others are in press. These eight fine duodecimo volumes, profusely illustrated, of the standard history of Faust, are sold for \$6 for the set while the series is in the course of publication. When the whole is issued, the price will be raised.

In their handsome and cheap series of the classic English poets, with red-lined pages, Thomas Y. Crowell & Co., New York, publish a volume entitled, *Longfellow's Poems*. It makes a duodecimo volume, in small type, of 316 pages, forming a popular hand-book of poetry from the times of Chaucer to the present century. The selections seem to be made with good taste, and the works of the different writers are introduced by short biographical sketches. It will make a useful text-book in literature for the schools, and a pleasant companion for the general reader.

The Orange Judd Co., 751 Broadway, New York, issues a very useful and valuable treatise, entitled, *PRACTICAL FORESTRY; A Treatise on the Propagation, Planting and Cultivation of Trees, with their Description, their Botanical and Popular Names*. It contains an account of all the indigenous trees of the United States and the most valuable exotic species. It has also valuable chapters upon tree production, the management of forests, the cutting of timber, transplanting, budding, etc. Every practical and amateur farmer will see, at once, how much valuable information may be gleaned from its pages. It has a full index. It makes a 12mo volume of 229 pages. The author is Andrew W. Fuller, a well-known writer upon fruit cultivation. It will be sent, post-paid, by the publishers, to any address upon receipt of \$1.50.

Palmer & Hughes, publishers, New York city, issue *THE BELOVED PHYSICIAN*, WALTER C. PALMER, M. D., by His Colleague, Rev. George Hughes, with an Introduction by F. G. Hubbard, D. D. 12mo, 400 pp. The work has for its frontispiece a fine engraved portrait of Dr. Palmer. He hardly seems yet to have passed away from us, so many monuments of his eminently useful life still remain behind. Few laymen have accomplished more, in the highest forms of evangelical service, than the "beloved physician" and the devoted worker who has been so long and so faithfully behind and still perpetuates the memory of his active services upon the earth. Rev. Mr. Hughes has written a very warm and appreciative memoir. It is too highly colored, and the work who were best acquainted with its devoted and sweet-tempered subject. It is a remarkable picture of a truly consecrated life, and must accomplish good service wherever it is scattered. Through its vivid record of his noble evangelist, being dead, yet speaketh.

Mr. John B. Alden issues in a 12mo volume of 430 pages, entitled *IRVING CLASSICS*, selections of essays from some of the best English authors—such as Charles Lamb, Macaulay, Dr. John Brown, Irving, De Quincey, Hawthorne, Carlyle, Goethe, etc. It makes a 12mo volume of text-book in prose literature, and a fine collection of the best essays in the English tongue for general reading. 50 cents.

Charles Scribner's Sons continue the publication of their series of *STORIES BY AMERICAN AUTHORS*. They have just issued Vol. V., containing short stories by Henry James, Jr., D. D. Elliot, Park Benjamin, George Arnold and E. P. Mitchell. These handsome 16mo volumes are specially adapted to vacation reading, and can be readily taken in the pocket or "grip sack."

G. P. Putnam's Sons issue a popular edition of *THE HISTORY OF DEMOCRATIC CONGRESS* as a PARTY NAME AND A POLITICAL ORGANIZATION, by Jonathan Norcross. Paper covers, 40 cents. This little manual gives a condensed record of the rise and progress of democratic governments, from the days of Rome to the present day, with a fuller history of the party bearing this designation in our country. It is a useful tract for the hour.

W. B. Wagnalls issue an edition of the *ROMANCE OF ALPHONSE DAUDET*, entitled *THE ROMANCE OF ALPHONSE DAUDET*, an excellent caricature of the religious and political of the McAll Mission and the Salvation Army, presented in the form of a very French story. It has none of the immoral flavor about it of other books by this same renowned and vigorous writer, and of nearly all the French novels of the day.

SINGING ON THE WAY: A Collection of Hymns and Tunes for Sunday-schools, Social Worship and Congregations, by Mrs. Belle M. Jewett, assisted by Dr. J. P. Holbrook. Price 35 cents. Published by Oliver Ditson & Co., Boston. "Singing on the Way" has had a short trial before the public, and has been reviewed by the press with marked favor. It has just changed publishers, and its new owners wish that this worthy compilation shall be given its known and holding an honorable place among their choice music books. The book is of the size and shape of the familiar Gospel Songs, and is a cheap and desirable book, with pure and elevated poetry and music for use not only by the Sunday-school, but the congregation.

An old writer has quaintly said, "God looks not at the oratory of our prayers, how eloquent they are; nor at their geometry, how long they are; nor at their arithmetic, how many they are; nor at their logic, how methodical they are; but He looks at their sincerity, how spiritual they are."

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(ENTERED AT THE POST-OFFICE, BOSTON, MASS., AS SECOND CLASS MATTER.)

Zion's Herald.

WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 6, 1884.

Higher eulogy could scarcely be pronounced upon a man than is written concerning Robert Swindles, who, for forty years, was a Wesleyan preacher. Of this man one who knew him intimately said, "I never knew him to speak a word he did not mean; and he always spoke the truth in love." Such rare sincerity combined with such uniform charity implies an extraordinary degree of likeness to Christ. It is a pity that this virtue of transparent sincerity is not more generally conspicuous in modern Christian character, since nothing saps the confidence of men in each other more than the discovery of mutual insincerity in speech. Happy, indeed, and most surely influential is that man who can say with Paul, "And rejoicing in this, the testimony of our conscience that in simplicity and godly sincerity . . . we have had our conversation in the world!"

In his vision of the last judgment John saw the risen dead judged "every man according to their works." By what they had done when living, their eternal destiny was determined in that tremendous day. Hence says the eloquent Chrysostom: "The present state is merely a theatrical show; the business of men a play; wealth and poverty, the ruler and the ruled, and such like things, are theatrical representations. But when this day shall have passed, then the theatre will be closed and the masks thrown off. Then each one shall be tried and his works—not each one and his wealth; not each one and his office; not each one and his dignity; not each one and his power; but each one and his works!" Reader, suppose you sit in judgment on yourself! Summon your works associated with their motives and aims, and question them as to what evidence they will give for or against you when He who knows them in their true character shall sit in the judgment seat. Will they prove the sincerity or the falseness of your professions of loyalty to the Lord Jesus? God knoweth. Do you?

Is it a mere coincidence, or a retributive Providence? France, without any provocation which even the loose code of international morality recognizes as a just occasion for war, sends a fleet and an army to Tonquin, where she bombards helpless towns and slays thousands of inoffensive men, women, and children. But amidst her rejoicings over her disgraceful victory, one of her transports, returning from the theatre of war, enters the port of Toulon where a single victim of Asiatic cholera on board. Through him the invisible germs of that grim disease are scattered. They germinate, they swiftly diffuse themselves. Death holds high revel in Toulon, in Marseilles, and elsewhere. Thousands die. The nation is pelted with plague. Travelers shun the country as a pest-house. Commerce is paralyzed, and the end is not yet. What means this great national disaster, costing vastly more in life and treasure, than the utmost benefit which the conquest of Tonquin can recoup in a generation? Is this connection between that unjust war and the cholera visitation accidental, or is the latter the scourge of God punishing the guilt of the former? The infidel will sneeringly call it accidental; but the Christian will see in their singularly close and peculiar relation another evidence of the reign of God over the nations of the earth. Above the groans of the smitten ones throughout France he who believes that "the Lord reigneth" will hear His voice saying, "Howl ye; for the day of the Lord is at hand; it shall come as a destruction from the Almighty." Surely, "It is a fearful thing to fall into the hands of the living God!"

The recent experiences of certain millionaires, whose immense fortunes, rapidly accumulated by daring and abnormal speculations in wheat, in mines, and other objects of value, have dissolved like Aladdin's palace as quickly as they were built up, remind one of the following lines from the pen of Goethe:—
"All men, both great and small, are fain
To weave a web out of their brain,
While in the middle they sit at ease
To clip and snip as they may please;
Then if a breeze come some fine day
To sweep their flimsy threads away
Straightway they cry, 'What fateful malice
To overthrow our splendid palace!'"

Here, many of those golden palaces have crumbled over the heads of the men whose cunning seemed for a time to make them masters in the world of finance. Those men played with values as the spider plays with his web. They believed themselves invincible. They held their millions to be imperishable and inseparable from their coffers. Yet an unexpected melting away of public confidence, like a sudden thaw in early spring, caused their fortunes to float from them like bubbles on a swollen stream. It was not "fendish malice," as the poet puts it, that did it; but that invisible, inexorable law which pervades nature, penetrates society, and sooner or later brings all things into judgment. All history proves that whatever is built up on false principles, though it may appear to flourish awhile, is destined to perish in the end. Justice, honesty, truth, fairness, are alone eternal; but injustice, dishonesty, falsehood and supreme selfishness are shifting quicksands sure as destiny to swallow up at last whatever structures men in their vain pride may erect upon them. Recent facts strikingly illustrate this truth, and ought to teach our commercial men, our statesmen, and all others, that the permanent well-being of society cannot be secured by the abnormal methods which of late years have taken possession of our exchanges, our counting-rooms and our political organizations. We must reform by giving the second commandment a place among our business principles and by bringing our political life within the sphere of the great truth that righteousness—and righteousness only—exalteth a nation.

LIFE ETERNAL.

In reading the life of Frederick Denison Maurice one cannot fail to be struck with the significance he attached to the terms "Life Eternal," with the large space they assumed in the criticisms to which he was subjected, and the occasion his interpretation of them gave to so many misunderstandings of his teaching in reference to the future life. These words, as he held them, were not synonymous with life everlasting, and they had no more connection with the life beyond the grave than with life on this side of the separating veil. Eternal life with him was the life of God in the soul, here and forever; death eternal was separation from God, now and on the other side of the tomb. He fully and literally received the exposition of his Master, "This is life eternal, that they might know Thee, the only true God, and Jesus Christ whom Thou hast sent." It was not necessary, in his conception of the meaning of this sublime term, to die in order to enjoy eternal life. He did not think or speak of it as something to be experienced hereafter, to be hoped for and looked for as the crown of a faithful service, but something to be enjoyed at once—the fruition of the Gospel of the Son of God. Submission to, and union with, Christ brought in, as he believed, both the harmony and the joy of heaven. Rebellion was spiritual death; faith established at once in the heart the kingdom of heaven. Christ came, he believed, to bring in and confirm this heavenly rule in human hearts. "The kingdom of God," he said, when on earth, "is within you."

Without entering into the discussion which arose out of this interpretation in England as to the extent and significance of death eternal in the world to come, let us look a moment at the impressive force of this unquestioned interpretation of eternal life as affecting our present experience. All Christian disciples look forward to a state of indescribable blessedness beyond the grave. They dwell with high emotion upon the mausoleum Christ has gone to prepare for His servants. Providential events, constantly occurring, bring these heavenly revelations often to the mind; words of Holy Scripture, and impressive discourses from the pulpit, keep believers from losing thought of these mysterious and wonderful visions which are expected to open before them when their eyes close upon all earthly scenes. There are often serious misgivings as to their preparation for such sublime and sinless revelations. There is more or less shrinking from the expectation of meeting the searching eye of an omniscient Judge, and a feeling that there is a strange difference between the actual life and the revealed life of the heavenly state. In these moments of awakened thought an anxious conscience is soothed by a momentary inward confession of sin and fresh acceptance of Christ as an atoning Saviour, or by a presuming trust that, at some moment before the final breath is drawn, they will fully and satisfactorily accept Christ as their personal Redeemer, and be suddenly and entirely prepared for this abrupt and mighty change from the mixed and largely worldly life that now is, to the spiritual and pure life of the world beyond.

But if, instead of thinking of heaven as something coming after death, and the life with God and the holy ones as something to be entirely prepared for and enjoyed when we leave this world, and in the place of considering

hell as simply a place of unutterable agony to follow a life of voluntary disobedience and only to be reached when the last breath is drawn, we should accustom ourselves to think of life when the body is in dust and life when dwelling in the body as one uninterrupted existence, to think of God our Father and Saviour as near to us now as He ever will be, and our eternal state as determined by our present relations to Him, how much more impressive and powerful all these solemn truths will become to us! Every hour I am in as imminent and solemn relations to my Heavenly Father as if I were in the act of dying, and have just as much need of preparation for the former as the latter. In an important sense I am now in heaven or hell. I am either reconciled to God, I am personally united to Christ, His kingdom is set up over my affections and passions; or I am in rebellion, I am out of the kingdom of heaven, I am not a subject of eternal life. I should have no more harmony with the services and joys of heaven than I now have with Christ's purposes and holy plans upon the earth. This is eternal life—the life of God in the soul—disclosed by His supernatural power in renewing and sanctifying it, in bringing it into loving harmony with Himself—His appointed mission for us on the earth—and securing for us a victory over the enticements of the world, the temptations of our perverted nature, and the wiles of the adversary.

Instead of dwelling upon the nature of our angelic life, and wondering how we shall adjust ourselves to the extraordinary change from what we can but feel must be the difference between the temporal and the heavenly life; instead of occasionally challenging ourselves as to our possible preparation for that supernatural world, the one thing to be done is to see that we have now the eternal life—the life God-ward—a life, any one can see, just as distinct and positive as the natural life or a worldly life; a life consecrated now to heavenly work and affections, bearing the manifest marks of an actual union with God and filled with both the fruits and the joys of the Spirit. There is no adequate preparation for heaven without this. There is no distant heaven without a present heaven. There can be no anxiety about the future life when the present is "hid with Christ in God." There is no other inspiration to holy living comparable to the presence of life of heaven in the heart. As angels sing while they serve, as the Apostle to the Gentiles could not help the sacrifices he joyfully made, but was "constrained" to proffer them, so eternal life, wrought by the Holy Spirit within the soul, breathes itself involuntarily forth in all sweet and holy charities, and in all self-denying and persistent labors for Christ and His kingdom on the earth and in the hearts of men.

THE METHODIST QUARTERLY REVIEW.

The July number is adorned with an excellent portrait of the new editor, Dr. D. C. Curry. "The Higher Criticism of the Pentateuch" is discussed by Dr. M. S. Terry. He briefly reviews the different theories relating to the structure of the various Mosaic books, the documentary, the fragmentary, the supplementary, and the theory of "ethnic development." He is, we think, too liberal in his concessions when he sums up the results of criticism and says that "the laws of the Pentateuch were either unknown or else very largely neglected and violated during most of the period between the conquest of Canaan and the Babylonian captivity." As a second paper is to follow, we may find some modification of this perilous admission that the laws of the Pentateuch may have been unknown.

Dr. S. L. Baldwin concludes his arraignment of "The Opium Traffic in China." If anger is ever righteous, it is when we read the stupendous evils of this infernal traffic imposed by British arms upon a nation abhorring the abomination and bravely striving to save itself from this fatal plague. Various witnesses are summoned to attest the results of this traffic in the ruin of body and soul, threatening the very existence of this great nation. The confirmed opium-smoker is almost always childless. Christian missions are obstructed by the prejudice excited by this traffic, and all branches of lawful trade suffer, because opium exhausts the nation's purchasing power. We hope the two articles of Dr. Baldwin will be published in tract form, and that England will be flooded with them till every voter is aroused to demand of Parliament the abolition of this accursed traffic. It is gratifying to every true American to know that the United States has bound itself by treaty to abstain from this abomination.

Rev. J. C. Jackson writes on "The Regeneration and Glorification of the Body," and attempts to prove that regenerating grace produces a physical change which increases till it culminates in the resurrection of the spiritual body. The writer comes very near the perilous verge of Swedenborgianism, when, neglecting the future tense of the verb "shall quicken," in Rom. 8: 11, he argues that the quickening of our mortal body is now going on as a kind of "gestation of the spiritual body." It would seem that the doctrine that the resurrection is the separation at death of this spiritual from the mortal body, is the logical sequence of this assumption. This is all the resurrection which Swedenborg teaches. Yet Mr. Jackson attempts to carry the gradual development of the spiritual body straight through the grave to burst into full bloom in the general resurrection. The notion of a spiritual body now in process of gestation in the believer's mortal body not only fails to harmonize with the resurrection at the last day, but it also fails to quadrature with the doctrine of the resurrection of the unjust, in whose bodies the new birth has never planted the quickened germ of the resurrection body.

Westminster Abbey is charmingly described by one of our missionaries in India, Rev. B. H. Badley. This vast pile of Gothic architecture, the index of England's greatness and monument of her stability, is the first object of interest to the American setting foot in London. It is earth's richest mausoleum, rich in the dust of genius and in historic associations. It has witnessed every coronation from William, the Conqueror, to Victoria, and the most of the royal marriages and burials. Some magistrates who are not buried here have memorial tablets, as Shakespeare and John and Charles Wesley. This paper is a review of A. P. Stanley's "Historical Memorials of Westminster Abbey," the reading of which is next to seeing this wonder of England. The tomb of James I was unknown until 1869. What a commentary on human greatness!

"Russia and England in Central Asia" is the theme of a paper by Dr. A. C. George. He shows that England, for the protection of her vast East Indian possessions and peoples, must occupy Afghanistan and hold the passes of the Hindoo Koosh Mountains on the north, the key to the invasion of India by Russia in alliance with the fanatical Moslems west of the Indus. Hence Dr. George thinks that Beaconsfield's policy of securing "a scientific boundary" to India was eminently wise, and it should not have been defeated by the cry of "Jingoism." He eloquently insists that Mohammedans can be converted to Christ.

On the question of "The Authorship of Ecclesiastes," Rev. W. W. Davies seems to dissent from the traditional Solomonian authorship, and, with Grotius, all the modern rabbis, and recent Christian critics, among whom are Ewald, A. Clarke and M. Stuart, to hold that this book is among the latest ones of the Old Testament. This conclusion rests chiefly on linguistic peculiarities and the subject matter of the book. This theory explains the passages which seemingly point to Solomon as the author, by assuming that some unknown writer personates Solomon, as Plato personates Socrates in his dialogues.

It is very fitting that Dr. E. Wentworth, a returned missionary from China and a warm friend of Dr. Williams, should review his great work, "The Middle Kingdom." Dr. Williams went to China in 1833, as a printer to the American Board. He became a thorough scholar in Chinese lore and a dictionary-maker. In 1855 he became secretary and interpreter to the American Legation. In 1876 he returned to his native land and became professor of Chinese in Yale and president of the American Bible Society. His great work, "The Middle Kingdom," revised and enlarged just before his death, is the highest authority on all matters pertaining to the "Celestial Empire." This paper gives us some insight into the structure of the Chinese language. The specimen found on page 513 of the Quarterly will be instructive to all and amusing to the children.

The new editor furnishes an article on "Some Aspects of the Epistle to the Romans." He dwells chiefly on the circumstances under which Paul wrote, the philosophies then prevailing, and the controversy going on in the church between the Judaizing and the spiritual party. Let the student who would pierce to the depths of this epistle take in this broad survey of the political and theological environment of Paul, and he will be better prepared to grapple with "the many things hard to be understood."

The editor sets forth his views of the late General Conference, glancing at its composition, summarizing

its work, and forecasting some of the consequences of its actions. For an article of this kind no man in Methodism has superior qualifications, since he could truthfully say of the last six or seven General Conferences, "Magna pars fui." He approves of the condemnation of caste in school and church, and predicts that our foreign missions must soon be granted independence through organic separation, and he thinks that we are not doing our share to supply the world with religious books and magazines.

The Synopsis of the Quarterlies and the Quarterly Book Table are replete with good things.

THE NEW ENGLAND CHAUTAUQU.

The fifth session of the New England Assembly, which closed at Lake View, South Framingham, Friday evening, July 25, is generally considered to have been the best yet held. The programmes issued before the meeting of the Assembly did not seem to promise a very attractive or interesting session, but the fulfillment was better than the promise, and in the quality of the lectures, in the deep interest shown in the classes of instruction, and in the superior character of the music, there seemed nothing left to be desired.

Dr. Hurlbut's normal classes were well attended from first to last, and one did not need to look upon his large class of students very long to see that they were there for a purpose, and that they were instructed by one who thoroughly understood his business. Mrs. Kennedy, as the leader of the primary teachers' class, proved herself to be well qualified for the position. Her need hardly be said that Prof. Sherwin as the director of the musical part of the programme, was completely master of the situation. The concerts under his direction were in every instance thoroughly enjoyable; the fine orchestra which took part in every performance, adding greatly to the pleasure of the occasion. The beautiful cantata, "Athalie," given by the orchestra and chorus, was a grand success, and it seems hardly possible that the rehearsal of such a performance of drill as was manifested in the really excellent rendering of Mendelssohn's notable work. We begin to think that that Prof. Sherwin cannot accomplish as a musical director, it would not be of much use for any one else to try to do. Long may he live to delight the lovers of good music at the Framingham Assembly!

Dr. Vincent seemed to be in the best of health and spirits. His enthusiasm seemed to be contagious, for in all the meetings throughout the session a spirit of deep interest and earnestness was apparent, and there has been no session of the Assembly where the people seemed more determined to take in all the good things that were provided. The early morning prayer-meetings were well attended and were occasions of deep interest, many declaring that these meetings well repaid them for the trouble in coming. If there had been no other inducement.

The lectures this season were of a high order, and were evidently appreciated by the large audiences which gathered to hear them. Want of space will permit us to do nothing more than merely mention the names and subjects. Dr. J. B. Thomas, of Brooklyn, lectured on "Backbone" and "Lily Work." Rev. Dr. Butler gave an intensely interesting description of his late visit to India. Rev. Dr. Talmage, of Brooklyn, gave his famous lecture on "Ingersollism" and "Bright and Happy Homes." General J. L. Swift, of Boston, delivered a powerful address on "Temperance." Rev. A. E. Dunning, of Boston, gave an intensely interesting lecture on "The Bible in Literature." Ram Chandra Bose, of India, delighted his audience with an address on "Hindu Philosophy." On National Day Governor Robinson was expected, but as he was unable to come, Gen. J. L. Chamberlain, of Maine, appeared in his place and delivered a powerful address on "The Science of Human Economics." Dr. Lyman Abbott gave a very interesting and instructive lecture on "The Bible—What It Is, and Why We Believe in It." Mrs. Mary A. Livermore charmed her audience with a vivid delineation of "The New Boy," and Rev. Dr. Henson, of Chicago, conveyed his lessons with laughter and moved them to tears in his graphic description of the various classes of "Fools." Dr. E. C. Bolles, of Salem, gave an interesting illustrated lecture on "Ancient and Modern London," and Rev. Robert Nourse, of Wisconsin, fairly captivated the audience with his "John and Jonathan." The anniversary address before the "Normal Union" was delivered by Rev. J. L. Hill, of Lynn, who spoke effectively on "The Teacher's Vocation and Avocation." The last, but not by any means the least, in the series of lectures, was by James M. Hubbard, esq., of Boston, whose subject was, "The Use of Public Libraries."

Such was the rich feast provided for those who had the good fortune to be present through the session of the Assembly, and the bare recital will doubtless cause many who were not present to regret their loss, and to resolve that they will not lose the privilege of such a fast next season. The denominational conferences were well attended, and were occasions of considerable interest. Those of our own people who are interested in the "Chautauqua Idea" will be glad to learn that twenty-eight Methodist ministers reported themselves at the meeting of that denomination. Children's Day was, as usual, a time of great interest to all, old as well as young. The C. X. F. R. U., which being translated signifies "Chautauqua Young Folks' Reunion Union," turned out in full force and marched to the strains of music to the auditorium, where, after the singing of the "young folks," they were addressed by Mr. Tam Lee from China, Ram Chandra Bose of India, and the gentleman from Africa (Prof. Sherwin). The little folks heartily enjoyed the speeches, and the meeting was voted a complete success.

Thursday, July 24, was looked forward to with interest by many, as that was the time set apart as Recognition Day, when the class of '84 were to receive their diplomas after their four years' course of study. The members of the "C. L. S. C.," some seven hundred strong, formed in line and marched to the auditorium headed by the Framingham brass band and led by Prof. Sherwin as chief marshal. The class of '84 was seated on the platform, and the other classes were arranged in the order of their years of graduation in seats reserved in front of the stand. The auditorium was handsomely decorated, and presented a beautiful appearance. After the C. L. S. C. responsive service led by Dr. Vincent, an eloquent address was delivered by President Julius Seelye, of Amherst College, on "The Power of Ideas." At the close of the address, Dr. Vincent introduced "an old friend," John B. Gough, who received a hearty welcome, and who, as usual, by his peculiar power captured the audience and brought down the house. The exercises closed with an effective address to the gradu-

ating class by Dr. Vincent, and the presentation of diplomas. About 230 members of the graduating class were present.

The Baptist and Congregational "Social Rooms" were noticeable features at the Assembly, and were well patronized by the members of their respective churches. The Methodist "Social Room" was conspicuous by its absence, and not a few of that denomination expressed a hope that the lack would be supplied before next season. The suggestion has been made that the churches on the Boston and North Boston districts unite in putting up a building that will be a credit to New England Methodism and be an attractive place of resort to all our people who visit the Assembly. It has been a source of disappointment to many who have the interests of our dear church at heart, to notice such a relatively small number of our people present at the Assembly, but it has been encouraging to note a decided increase this year, and we trust that next season the still greater number present will prove that the Methodist people believe in the Assembly, and will by their presence and co-operation help to make the New England Assembly what it is certainly destined to become—one of the most influential and successful institutions of the age. W. FULL.

BRIEF MENTION.

The editor is away for a few days, enjoying a much-needed rest at the Drs. Strong's Institute, Saratoga Springs.

Harper's Weekly for Aug. 2 presents a fine portrait of Hon. John P. St. John, the Prohibition candidate for President.

A timely and interesting article by Bishop Mallahan, on "New England and the Centennial," will appear in our next paper.

Mr. Spurgeon is said to have a collection of all the caricatures of himself which have ever appeared in the public prints. These caricatures will some time be brought out in book form, and will display in a very amusing way the characteristics of the great preacher. His secretaries also paste into large books everything pertaining to Mr. Spurgeon that appears in the periodical press.

Among the missionaries soon to be sent out by the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, to reinforce its mission in China, is Miss Laura Haygood, sister of Dr. Atticus G. Haygood, who goes to superintend the women's work in the mission, including day and boarding schools and the work of Bible women.

A belated report of the Commencement exercises of Ohio Wesleyan University, taken from the Cincinnati Commercial Gazette, appears in another column. The board of visitors heartily endorsed the management of the college by President Payne. The graduating class numbered 68—the largest in the history of the institution.

An able correspondent of the Daily Advertiser, in Constantinople, Turkey, in a very interesting letter published in that paper Wednesday morning, July 30, throws some doubt upon the genuineness of the famous manuscript—"The Teaching of the Twelve Apostles"—which has excited so much discussion of late in our religious periodicals.

Phillips & Hunt, New York, announce in the Methodist Quarterly Review for July a new book by Rev. J. H. Potts, M. A., associate editor of the Michigan Christian Advocate. It is entitled, "Spiritual Life; Its Nature, Urgency, and Crowning Excellence." It is in the nature of an appeal to all churches for increased spirituality and power.

The City Missionary Society of this city, through its Fresh-Air Fund, during the month of June, distributed 11,000 street-car tickets and 2,320 harbor tickets. Three hundred and sixty persons, also, have enjoyed the benefit of a visit or a vacation of a day in the country. The sum of \$5 contributed to this fund will bring a blessing in the shape of a ride into the suburbs for one hundred persons, while \$10 will afford to forty poor or invalid persons a sail down the harbor. To the benevolent this beautiful charity appeals earnestly during these midsummer days.

Our Public Garden never presented so beautiful an appearance as now. The lawns have been greatly benefited by the frequent rains of the past few weeks, and the flower-beds are gorgeous in their wealth of coloring. The Moorish designs about the base of the Washington statue are specially attractive.

The city forester is certainly to be congratulated on the success of his skill in landscape gardening. When lighted by electricity in the evening the Garden is like a bit of fairyland set in the heart of the city.

The Heathen Woman's Friend enters our office in a new dress—a cover devoted to advertisements, which will prove a protection to the paper as well as a source of pecuniary profit.

Rev. John B. Robinson, D. D., Ph. D., formerly at the head of the Conference Seminary at Tilton, and late president of Fort Wayne College, has been appointed principal of the Jennings Seminary and Aurora Normal School, Aurora, Ills. The institution is in a flourishing condition, with a large faculty, and last year was patronized by 362 students in its various departments. Dr. Robinson is an experienced educator, and the school will enter upon a wider career of usefulness under its new leader.

The Sanitarian for July opens with a paper from Dr. Parquharson, of Iowa, upon "Leprosy in the United States." Dr. B. W. Richardson, F. R. S., contributes an abstract of a valuable paper upon "Physical Paralysis." The other articles are: "Trichinosis Abroad," "Hillside Sanitary Convention," "Education Abroad," "Great Walkers," "Pneumonia Infections," "Foul Air in Class Rooms," by Commissioner John Eaton, "Sewage at Cape May," "A New Life Preserver," "Medical Colleges and Preventive Medicine," "Doctors' and Lawyers' Fees," "Contagious and Infectious Diseases." The editor's miscellany is very full and valuable. New York city, 113 Fulton St.

The Magazine of American History for August has for the opening article "The Story of a Monument," by S. M. D. North, of the Times Herald. The illustrations add greatly to its value, which is the fine portrait of ex-Governor Horatio Seymour—frontispiece to the magazine. The next article introduces a discussion of the question, "Did the Romans Colonize America?" The author, M. V. Moore, foreshadows further papers, and from the skill with which he handles the subject they will naturally excite wide attention. The third article is a description of "Lee's Campaign against Pope in 1862," with three illustrative maps, by Prof. W. Allan. Following this is an appreciative sketch of "Charles Follen Hoffman," by W. L. Keese, with an excellent portrait of Hoffman. Under the general title of "Historic Homes," Mr. Henry W. Halbert writes in a pleasing fashion of "Sunnyside and Washington Irving," and the picturesque mansion and portrait of its master brightly illustrate the text. The Private Intelligence Paper of Sir Henry Clinton, edited by Edward F. De Lan-

cy, are concluded in this number. Published at 30 Lafayette Place, New York city.

In Marseilles and Toulon, France, there is a marked decrease in the cholera death-rate. Since the outbreak of the pestilence the total number of deaths in the former city is 1,348. Fugitives are now returning to their homes in increased numbers, and the closed shops are reopening. It is estimated that the cholera has caused a decrease of 80 per cent. in tourist traffic from England to the Continent.

The Springfield Republican denounces very severely the public press for referring to the shocking statement made in a Buffalo paper in reference to the personal immorality of the Democratic candidate for President. The Republican also affirms that there is not an intelligent citizen of Buffalo who gives any serious consideration to the statement. Here, however, is what one of the most respected of the clergymen of that city writes to us:—"The Cleveland scandal you may believe without one jot or tittle of abatement. I don't think there is an intelligent citizen of Buffalo who knows Cleveland but believes the story of his immorality as published by the Telegraph. The religious papers ought to look after him faithfully. As far as I know, the Democratic editor of Rochester, N. Y., says, he is a 'silly leper.'"

Mount Union College has conferred the degree of LL. D. on Rev. Wm. H. De Fay, D. D., of New York—an honor most worthily bestowed. The degree of D. D. was also conferred on Rev. Thos. N. Boyce, presiding elder, of Pittsburgh, Rev. W. W. Case, of Cleveland, O., and Rev. H. A. Cleveland, of Philadelphia.

We find a very pretty published volume upon our table, bearing the inviting title of "Home and Social Life," and illustrated with remarkably well-executed wood-cuts of Dr. H. W. Bolton, the author of the volume, of the humble home of his birth, and the fine faces of his wife and children. Evidently the book is intended as a pleasant memorial in the homes of those who have been the greatly-esteemed pastor. The volume, however, is well worthy of a general circulation. It consists of a score of chapters upon topics relating to the home, the family circle, the relation of the members of it to each other, with appropriate counsels to parents and children. The special feature of this excellent little manual is its abundant and very apt illustrations, rendering the volume as interesting to young readers as to their seniors. It is eminently practical, and just such a book as the pastor or parent will be happy to bestow upon a family group, or to hand to a young reader. The Doctor has performed a good work in gathering these wholesome lessons into an attractive volume, and thus rendering a permanent service in aiding to build up and adorn true Christian homes. The work is introduced by an appropriate chapter from the pen of Dr. Horro, of Chelsea. It is published by McDonald & Gill, 35 Bromfield St.

On Monday morning last, at the Eastern depot in this city, Calmet-George John Allen was robbed of a wallet containing \$28 in bank bills, and notes amounting to some \$80, with other papers.

A series of centennial services of great interest have been arranged by Dr. W. V. Morrison, to take place in the Methodist Tabernacle at Martha's Vineyard, beginning Aug. 11. Eminent speakers and writers are expected to deliver addresses and papers on the occasion. A full programme will appear next week.

An Open Letter

TO THE PATRONS OF ASBURY GROVE CAMP-MEETING.

For more than a score of years annual camp-meetings have been held in this new celebrated and well appointed grove, the results of which have been of the most gratifying character—most salutary upon the churches and persons participating, and far-reaching in their evangelizing influence. The time for another of these gatherings of our people and unconverted multitudes is now at hand. The 15th inst. has been designated as the time for the commencement of the meeting. It has often been said, by those who have had opportunity to know whereof they affirm, that this series of meetings, remarkably good from the first, have steadily increased in enjoyableness, usefulness, and power, until the last held, a year since, exceeded all that had preceded it. There is nothing in our Christian work, or experience in this life—if, indeed, in any other—that may not be improved. It is greatly desired, because greatly desirable, that the approaching meeting should, in every respect, be a success. We are sure that it is saying this I voice the feeling of every Christian heart within the boundary of our patronage.

The only way, as all our experience teaches us, is, if we desire an end, to untireably and earnestly use the means for its accomplishment. The resources of divine grace are neither exhausted nor measured. If God is bestowered rich and abundant blessings in the hearts of his people, let them be ready to receive them, blessings in response, awaiting our compliance with the terms on which His wisdom has suspended them. The only question then is, whether we, as ministers and people, will do our part, and thus comply with these conditions.

May I, then, be permitted to suggest some things, that from my point of view seem requisite as means for reaching these greatly-needed and ardently desired results? I do not mean to say that every Christian minister and layman within the patronizing churches should make special note of the date of the meeting, and then think, meditate, and pray over it and its great purpose until they will so deeply interested in it that they will spontaneously speak of it, both in public and private. Let us talk it up, let us write it up, let us have it on our minds, let us have it on our hearts, let us have it on our lips, let us have it on our hearts for months past.

It is of great importance that the preachers, and as many of the people as can possibly do so, should spend all, or as much as practicable, of the week of the meeting on the ground, not as seekers of enjoyment but as "workers together with Christ." I am aware of the fact that August has largely been the vacation month. It is pleasant for our people who can afford it to be away by the seaside or among the mountains with their families, enjoying the rest and recuperation for their toil-worn minds and bodies that may be realized in such resorts. Of this we not only do not complain, but are really glad they can do so. But I would only suggest, whether many of them at least, cannot so arrange as to spend the last part of their vacation in our bygone grove, and realize as much recuperation and refreshment, and as many of the active service of the Master as in any of the amusements they can find in the great watering-places. It would most assuredly be at a much less expense. Can we not afford this for the privilege of contributing to the advancement of the cause this meeting seeks to promote?

But by far the larger portion of our people and preachers cannot afford these expensive and prolonged vacations; yet they need, and should have, some relaxation from the wear of their daily trials. What better could be found than the comparatively inexpensive tarrying

The Family.

THE TEMPLE OF TIME.

BY ELLA A. SMALL.

See you not yon stately temple,
As it rises in the land,
Built silently but grandly
By some unseen builder's hand?
Time the temple, God the builder,
Thus each year the temple grows,
And in beautiful proportions,
No decay nor age it shows.

On the threshold we are standing,
Gazing in with eager eyes,
Charmed with all its wondrous beauty,
Hidden oft in mute surprise;
Wondering as we tread its portals,
What new joys the hours will bring,
As we pass with hurried footsteps
Through the temple of our King.

What for us, ah, who shall tell us,
Whether good or ill betide?
Rather let us without questioning
Cling more closely to our Guide.
He who measures all the moments
Of the days we reckon years,
Guides unerringly and rightly,
Notwithstanding all our fears.

Sure are we that if He guide us,
Though the way some times be dim,
We shall walk in perfect safety,
Trusting all the path to Him.
Happy they who through this temple,
Never, never leave their Guide;
Earthly years shall bloom with blessings,
And the years to come be pride.

A VISIT TO A JAPANESE TEMPLE.

BY REV. W. C. KITCHIN.

What Mecca is to the Mohammedan world, Asakusa is to the Japanese; what St. Peter's is to Rome, the Temple of Kuanon is to Asakusa. He who has not seen the shrine of the "Thousand-armed Goddess of Mercy," has not beheld the cultus of the most popular deity in the Japanese pantheon. Asakusa, once a distinct village, later a suburb, and now a district of Tokio, is classic ground. Here, comprised within a surprisingly small area, are to be found illustrations of all that is pious in the eyes of paganism, and all that is revolting to natural morality. In a word, Japan in miniature can here be studied. Here is the most famous temple in the empire, thronged from dawn till dark with the devotees of a false faith. Close by, places of pleasure and haunts of sin abound. Right at hand are the execution grounds, red with the blood of countless criminals. In this terrible region are laid the plots of many native poems and novels. More visited than any other locality in Tokio, perhaps in all Japan, its character is fittingly described by Bishop Willey: "Here have been murders, suicides, revenges, debaucheries, etc., enough to curse the whole empire."

Shortly after my arrival in Japan, I visited, in company with a number of friends, this celebrated centre of worship. Through three miles of dirty streets, lined on either side with open shops and dingy wood-colored and weather-beaten fronts, we rolled in our jinrikishas, drawn by feet-footed coolies. Alighting at the outer gateway of the grand entrance to the temple, we walked along a broad stone-paved avenue, through an inner gate and up to the huge temple, with its lofty front and imposing roof, sweeping upward from the eaves in broad parabolic curves. "Ancient, holy and dirty," is the usual verdict passed by tourists upon this venerable sanctuary; and I saw no reason why I should differ from the majority. On both sides of the avenue above mentioned are ranged hundreds of booths, where is offered for sale every toy of the imagination of babyhood ever conceived of. Pleasure and piety in Japan go hand in hand. Religion and recreation are twin sisters; and in these latter days to visit a temple is synonymous with going on a pleasure excursion, and at Asakusa every day is held in high festival. Around the temple, beautifully adorned with trees and flowers, are the public gardens, where the worshiper, turning from the altar of great Kuanon, can indulge in any pastime, "wise or otherwise," good, bad or indifferent, to which his inclination may draw him.

Coming, going, meeting, crossing each other's paths, surging backward and forward, swaying this way and that, this living torrent of heathenism in motion at early morn and evening with the daylight, rolls on and on day after day, week after week, through months and years unceasingly. Turn now from the thronging multitudes without to the temple's idols and worshippers within. At the head of the broad flight of stone steps leading into the temple courts, on either side of the entrance, stand two hideous figures, mammoth-sized and fierce-featured, representing the male and female principles in the Chinese philosophy; for the goddess of mercy herself is an imported deity, having been introduced into Japan some thousand years ago by the Chinese. In a stall in the temple are kept the Albino ponies, sacred to the divinity, and numerous figures of gods and demigods are ranged throughout the temple; conspicuously among these the statue of one of Buddha's disciples, worshipped here as the god of healing, and whose nose and hand are entirely rubbed off from the pressure of suffering hands through scores, and doubtless hundreds, of years. The main altar is inclosed behind a stout wire screen, before which stands a huge coffer, to receive the offerings of the faithful, and no Japanese worships until he has thrown in his mite. Pay, pray, play, is paganism's programme for its people.

In the courts of this heathen temple what a babel of sounds! What grotesque sights! Clouds of pigeons, whose homes are in the upper portion of the temple, even over the sacred altars, sweep down on whirling wings to pick up a handful of rice flung to them as a "heave-offering" by some pious hand. People of all ages, prostrate or kneeling in their worship; the

mur-muring of prayer, the clashing of gong and drum, the loud, shrill chanting of the priests, the tinkling of bells, the cooling of doves; gay laughter from the young and hilarious, sighs and sobs, mingling with the rush and roar of the multitude, ever advancing and always receding—the whole scene makes, from its very weirdness, a profound impression upon a Christian missionary who for the first time sees it. Yet even in the very center of Japanese paganism, appears a ray of hope. The most popular temple is dedicated to a goddess of mercy, and close by her altar stands the god of healing. Do we not perceive in this fact the evidence of a hungering and thirsting upon the part of this people for more than human sympathy, more than human compassion, more than hope that when the loving character of our Christ becomes more fully known to them, they will turn with gladness from their idols to fall at the feet of the Great Physician and Shepherd of His people?

Nagasaki, Japan.

REMEMBRANCE.

A gallery, silent and barred, hath the heart;
And where is the tongue shall tell
Of the low-browed door, with its noiseless bolts,
That closes this sacred hall?
Ho, neighbor, cunning in life's deep lore!
Ho, lover and friend and kin!
To my gallery's threshold thou mayest come,
But never one step within.

A thousand portraits, old and new,
Hang high on each cove-dressed wall.
I know your faces, false friends and true—
Ye are faithfully painted, all.
The sun may rise and the sun may set;
Earth's years may fly like a tale;
But here is no canvas to rot with time,
No hue that shall dull and pale.

There are myriads of landscapes, whose sunlit streams
And forests with checkered light
Are the scenes of pleasures forever past,
But plain as I gaze to-night;
There are groups of revelers, mad with mirth,
Whose voices have long been mute;
There are dancers, timing their flying feet
To the notes of viol and lute.

And many a painting I would fain
Tear down, and its light forget.
Ah! bated or loved, it must ever remain
Where by me alone it was set.
To cut you face from its frame I long—
To hang it on my neighbor's wall;
But, alas! each canvas must retain mine eye
Till the gallery crumble and fall.

At noon or at midnight, and willing or loth,
No struggle can stay my feet
From hitherward turning, within this room
These scenes, these faces to greet.
Oh, owner and painter! whose busy brush
From painting never may cease
The closer thou heedest these hourly life,
The greater thy spirit's peace.

—Christian Union.

Our Girls.

A LITTLE LEAVEN.

BY M. G. M.

It was an August afternoon. The sun poured mercilessly down upon the men mowing the large meadow which belonged to the Hanaford farm. Down there in the meadow, enclosed as it was by low hills, it seemed as if the very air stood still, so intense was the heat; but upon the hill near the old-fashioned farm-house the cool breeze and the shade of the apple-trees made it a very comfortable spot in which to spend an afternoon.

So thought Sarah Hanaford, the only daughter of the house, for almost every day she might be seen sitting in a low rocker in the shade of the trees, sewing or reading. Just now she was doing neither, though an open book lay in her lap; but she seemed to be in deep thought. As the blended and indescribable scent of the flowers, the earth and the new-mown hay came to her, filling every sense with enjoyment, she half-consciously perceived the words of the Psalmist: "O Lord, how manifold are Thy works! In wisdom hast Thou made them all; the earth is full of Thy riches."

Sarah Hanaford was like many other girls in her thoughts and feelings, except in one direction. A year ago she had "come unto the knowledge of the truth which is in Christ Jesus," and that in itself makes a difference in people. Always affectionate and loving in disposition, she was at the same time the maddest, merriest girl in the neighborhood, yet with a strong, decisive will. But when Jesus came into her heart, there was a change. It is wonderful what a change comes to certain natures when the heart is filled with love for the Lord Jesus. Perhaps the word "change" should not be used in the case of Sarah Hanaford; it was more a moulding of all her natural characteristics—the good qualities of her disposition growing and enlarging, while her lively, merry ways took on a peculiar sweetness, and the evil in her nature was slowly giving way to the increasing power of good.

As she sat there thinking so intently, her attention was drawn to a piece of newspaper fluttering about in the breeze. It was a much-soiled bit of paper, and looked as if it had lain out in many a rain storm, but out of mere curiosity Sarah picked it up. These are the words she read, and they were engraved on her heart for years afterward: "O ye women of America, can you realize what it is to be without a Saviour in this world and without any hope for the next? Can you realize what it is to live in abject slavery because the customs of the country require it? No, you do not realize this; if you did, you would not be so uninterested in foreign missions, uninterested in your own suffering sisters. Oh, what if the Lord Jesus had been uninterested in you, when, burdened with sin and suffering from its effects, you cried to Him for help!"

She looked at the paper for a moment, then read it again; and there came such a revelation to that girl as she took her very being. She went into the house and upstairs to her own chamber, and falling on her knees, poured out her soul to God: "O God, I have been very selfish and very ignorant, but I thank Thee for opening my eyes and showing me these faults plainly! Dear Lord, I consecrate myself anew to Thy

service, and will not ask for Thy forgiveness until I have done something for my sisters who do not know the preciousness of having a Saviour. Help me in anything I undertake, and to Thee I will give all the praise."

Yes, it was a fact. Sarah, though she had led a good life in every other respect, saw all at once how careless and neglectful she had been in this line of Christian work. This was hardly to be wondered at, for her father and mother, who should have been living examples to the girl, were not Christians, did not subscribe for any religious paper, and had few interests in life beyond their farm and the village in which they lived. These things, and the fact that there was no woman's Foreign Missionary Society in the one village church, made this neglect seem pardonable and even reasonable in Sarah.

She rose from her knees inflamed with this new desire—to do something for missions. But how? She must have money to help, and how was she to get it? "I can't leave home to earn it, because I'm needed here," she said, thinking of her mother who was almost an invalid, and who depended upon her so much. "There isn't a mill or factory around where I can obtain work to do at home, so what in the world can I do?"

"Sary, Sary, are you up stairs?" called her mother. "It's five o'clock, and time to start the fire."

"Sarah Hanaford, your duty just now is to make biscuits for supper; and if you're reaching out for something beyond your duty, and overlooking the things your hand findeth to do, you're all wrong," she said to herself as she hurried down stairs.

"Where have you kept yourself this afternoon, Sary?" was her mother's greeting. "Belinda Putnam has just gone home. She wanted to borrow the saucer pattern of your sprigged muslin dress, and I searched high and low for it, and couldn't find it nowhere. I told Belinda I thought you set out under the apple trees reading, and she looked for you there, and down in the meadow, but you wasn't to be seen. I declare for it, I never thought 'er sending her upstairs to look."

Sarah was mentally thankful she couldn't be found, for this Belinda Putnam, the village dressmaker and gossip, was one of the trials of her life. As Sarah moved round quickly, setting the table and preparing the supper, her mother began as usual:—

"Belinda was telling me Miss Carruth, the parson's wife, has had three new bunnies this summer. One was a black chip with lemon-colored trimmings on it, and after that two light straw with long, droopy feathers. She says there's no mistake about it, for she's set behind Miss Carruth every Sunday in church, and she's took particular notice of them hats. And it's my opinion she's jest an extravagant young thing that don't know no better, and it seems as if the deacons wives oughter talk to her about it. Folks do say, though, she's got powerful high notions about some things, and if they undertook to tell her she'd better dress herself plainer, there'd be a rum-pus as sure as kill the world. She was dressed up to suit at Belle Melville's wedding. And, by the way, Belinda said that air wedding did beat all she ever saw. They had bride's cake and a first-class supper, and all the dinks real stylish; and, to crown all, went off on a wedding" tower. They're going to housekeep in that big house over to Easton Centre, and air going to live in great style. Folks kin say what they've got a mind to about John Wells being so dreadful smart, but he'll hev to be smart to keep up such an establishment as that. Land sakes alive! When your father and me was married, we set up housekeep in two rooms. Folks didn't kin tell you. Belinda run into Miss Smith's mind on the way up here, and she found her in a great stew. It seems Hoses Smith, that harum-scarum youngster of her'n, was helping his father unload the hay when he fell clear through on the barn floor and broke his arm in two places; and if his mother don't have a sweet time nussin' of him, then my name ain't Hanaford. Then her gal had word tellin' her to come right home, for her ma was took sick, so off she went. And Miss Smith's left with all that work on her hands and that everlastin' boy. But the worst of it is, they expect two gals from the city Saturday, that are comin' out here for country air and quiet. One's kinder sickly, and her sister's comin' along with her for company. Miss Smith says she can't take them now, what way things is goin', and they've got to git another place."

"Mother, why can't I take them?" said Sarah suddenly, as if a brilliant idea had just entered her mind. "We could put them in the east room, and if you only say yes, I'll see they don't make you any trouble."

"Land sakes alive! Sarah Hanaford, what are you goin' to do with boarders?"

"Well, I'll tell you, mother. I want to help the foreign missions a little, and I don't see how I can do this without money. You know I can't go away to earn it, so why can't I take these two girls, who probably will be willing to pay me a fair price?"

"Furrin missions! Furrin missions!" exclaimed Mrs. Hanaford, who seemed to be lost in amazement over Sarah's plan. "Ain't that a new wrinkle you've got, Sary? But here comes your father to his supper. I'll speak to him about it."

They sat down at the table, and the meal proceeded in silence, as was generally the case, unless Mrs. Hanaford and her two men discussed the various matters on his own and the neighboring farms. To-night, however, Mrs. Hanaford was too full of Sarah's project to keep still long, so she said:—

"Father, our Sarah wants to take them two city boarders that was goin' to Miss Smith's. She says she wants to earn some money to help the furrin missions along, and she can't think of no other way to git it."

"Yes, father, it is so," said Sarah, while the stare of four pairs of eyes,

and the feeling that each individual mentally set her down as a fool, sent the blood mounting to her temples.

"Well, Sary," her father said, after a long pause, "your mother and me ain't got no objection, provided you take all the care and trouble on yourself. But I tell you what it is, you're a fool for givin' away your money to ministers and missionaries and sich like. The heathen have allus got along so fur without hevin' the Gospel preached to them, and I reckon it won't hurt them to git on the rest of the way. And as for your ministers and your missionaries, they jest take that way of makin' an easy livin'. They don't know what work is—never done a stroke of it in their lives!"

Mr. Hanaford, like a great many other people in this world, had the idea that a man who did not labor with his hands did no work at all; therefore all professional men came under his condemnation. However, Sarah was made so happy by his consent, she did not call for his opinion on such matters just then.

That night she walked over to Mrs. Smith's and offered to take the two girls. Of course Mrs. Smith was only too glad to dispose of them with so little trouble. Sarah learned that they were young ladies whose parents were very wealthy and moved in the best society. Indeed, the elder sister had been quite a belle for the last three seasons at the fashionable summer resorts, but had given up this year for the sake of her sister, whose health was very delicate.

So that is how Dora and Eunice Lyman came to spend the summer at the Hanaford farm. They arrived on Saturday, in the early afternoon. Sarah drove to the depot to meet them, and before they were half way home, knew, with her quick perception, which would be her favorite.

Dora was a tall, fine-looking girl with black eyes and hair; but if she had a kindly heart it was hidden beneath her proud and haughty manner. Eunice, almost like a child in her ways, was a delicate-looking, fair-haired girl, who completely won Sarah during that homeward drive. She was so innocent and beautiful in disposition, seeming to have an interest and love for everything and everybody in the world.

When they arrived at the house, Sarah at once ushered them through the wide, cool hall, up the stairs, and into the east chamber.

"Oh, what a beautiful room!" exclaimed Eunice, as Sarah left them. "It does me good just to look at it. It is so cool and restful."

It was a pretty room. Sarah had draped the windows with delicate muslin curtains. These, and the spotlessly white bed, gave the chamber a look of quiet and purity. The pretty toilet set made by her own hands, and the old-fashioned table with claw feet, on which stood a vase of flowers, also added an air of daintiness.

"It is quite passable for backwoods taste," assented Dora graciously. "But what a plain-looking girl that is, and how shockingly her dress fits! It actually makes me shudder to see any one so carelessly dressed."

"She isn't pretty, that I must admit. Dora, she's something more than pretty. Her dress looks as if she didn't spend much time on it, but probably she's too busy. I'm wondering, Dora, if there isn't something more to live for than just dressing to make oneself look as nicely as possible; it seems as if there must be."

"Well, you're a queer girl, Eunice. I told mamma I hoped you would stop some of your wonderings before you were much older; if you don't, you'll never be a success in society. Dear me! What sort of an existence would it be without any dressing, or dancing, or parties? I, for one, couldn't endure it."

This conversation was interrupted by Sarah's summoning them to supper. To both of them, but to Eunice especially, this supper was the introduction to an altogether new life. On that first evening she made the acquaintance of every living thing on the farm—the men, the horses, the cows and hens; while Dora sat on the front porch and wondered how her sister could be so underbred. When they were retiring that night, Dora gave poor Eunice such a lecture on caste, and on her taking so much interest in common things, that her very ears tingled.

[To be continued.]

THE FLAIL OF GOD'S CORRECTIONS.

Bending over the pine-apple geranium in my window, I find no fragrance; but let a gust of wind or dash of rain pass over it—ah! what a change. It droops its leaves, to be sure, looks bent and battered, but what a fragrance! And better still, if I pluck a leaf and bruise it, the spices of Arah cannot equal the subtle, intoxicating odor that is wafted to my senses.

Con the sweet lesson, afflicted heart! How like the bruising of human souls! Under the blue sky of ordinary comfortable experiences little of the sweet-smelling savor of Christian character is exhaled. The fragrance may be there, hidden within the leaf, but it needs bruising to bring it out. Let the wind and rain of life's winter beat upon that soul, and though the visage be marred by the conflict, be of whom it is said, "It pleased the Lord to bruise him," and whose visage was more marred than any man's," He, the brother born for adversity," will take good care that exquisite fragrance is exhaled from even broken leaves! How that fragrance mounts heavenward!

"This leaf, it is thy heart!
It must be crushed by pain and smart
Ere it will yield a fragrance sweet
To lay at thy dear Lord's feet."

Mark how the Roman farmer applied the word tribulation, tribulation, the act of separating the chaff from the wheat. How meet that we should use the word sorrow and anguish are made to bring out the gold of Christian character without alloy.

"For till the bruising flail of God's corrections
Have threshed out of us our vain affections,
Till those corruptions which do misbecome us
Are by the sacred Spirit removed from us,
Until from us the straw of worldly treasures
Is chaff of empty pleasures—
Yes, till His flail upon us doth lay,
To thresh the husk of this our flesh away
And leave the soul uncovered; nay, yet
Till God shall make our spirit poor—
We shall not go to highest good aspire."

Dear reader, do you too sometimes tremble under the bruising process, or quiver beneath the flail of God's corrections? Take heart of grace, remembering that we tread the winepress, it is not to us like unto our Saviour of old the winepress of wrath. Can we but choose that the chaff of folly and sin may be separated from the grain of Christian character, "though the flail be hard upon us," so that we may be counted fit to grace the King's table? Let us smile back into the beneficent Face bent so tenderly upon us, and cry,

"If in our unworthiness
Thy sacrificial wine press,
If from Thy orphans' heated bars
Our feet are seamed with crimson scars,
Thy will be done!"

There are paths so dark that they who tread them would faint cry out with fear did they not hear the strains and breathe the aroma doated to them from the celestial gardens. As the moon sees the face of the sun and therefore makes the earth glad, so they feel the hand that guides them and are content. Thus the Great Threshers have rare unfoldings for souls long closed, and royal compassions for beaten-down stalks. Such souls with triumph sing,

"Having in our life-depth thrown
Being and suffering—which are one—
A child drops such a noble name
Down a deep well, and hears it fall,
Smiling—so!"

—Illustrated Christian Weekly.

MULTIPLICATION.

"But what are these among so many?" said the wondering Andrew, as he saw the bread, the five loaves and two fishes, all the store, and knew that there were no more. But, said the Master, "Bring them unto Me."

And they were placed before the Lord, and He, looking with pity on the multitude, gave thanks to God, and blessed and broke the loaves.

And gave to the disciples. The supply became enough the crowd to satisfy. The whole vast multitude met at once were fed, and all were filled, for Christ had blessed the bread.

"But what are these among so many?" say, in doubt, the Lord's disciples of to-day; "The people are such crowds, and what have we to give, that they no longer hungry be? They feel their utter helplessness, and then they count their little money and few men, and think of heathen millions, and the need of those around whose 'bitter cry' they heed."

Of little children waiting to be fed, Of strangers dying for the living bread, And what shall be the answer to earth's prayer, But hopeless disappointment and despair?

Not so. The Christ is watching still, and He is saying, "Bring it hither unto Me. He has compassion on the multitude. Does he not also know the need of food? Again let willing hands the little bring, And spread the meagre store before the King."

His blessing will increase a thousand-fold The workers, or the talents, or the gold, And make them all sufficient for the need, Though there be countless multitudes to feed.

And though again the timid Andrew stands, With sinking heart and almost empty hands, The miracle that multiplies is seen Renewed, when'er again the grass is green; And God has made man's little ample prove When he has brought it in meek faith and love.

For Him to bless it first, And we shall see That as the past so will the future be; A little shall to a thousand grow, A small one shall the strength of nations know.

Therefore, be not faint-hearted nor afraid; Bring what thou hast to Him, and undiminished His blessing. There shall surely be A miracle of plenty wrought for thee.

—MARIANNE FAIRBANKS, in London Christian World.

The Little Folks.

WHY SHE "COULDN'T HELP IT."

"Oh, mamma, I am sorry! but I couldn't help it; I didn't mean to do it."

"I used the ink bottle, papa," answered Minnie.

And so saying, Minnie Norris looked down at the fragments of what had been a very pretty pink china cup and saucer, as they lay upon the floor in a most pitiable state; such tiny fragments some of them, mere chips, that it was well impossible to put them together again.

"Of course you didn't mean to do it," answered her mother, "but why did you meddle with the cup?"

"I wanted a drink, and—"

"You might just as well have taken a drink out of one of the goblets," said Alice, Minnie's youngest sister, to whom the cup had belonged.

"The goblets are all in the dining-room closet, besides, water tastes so much nicer out of anything pretty. I am sorry I broke your cup, Alice; indeed I couldn't help it. I'll give you my new vase to make up."

Alice was very easily pacified, and as she knew that her sister's destruction of the cup and saucer was not intentional, she said no more about it; neither did her mother.

Grandma Norris was sitting in her arm-chair, knitting as usual, and when the above conversation took place, she looked over her spectacles, first at the children, then at their mother, but she said nothing.

The next day Minnie came home from school with a grievous rent in her best merino school dress; when her mother uttered an exclamation of dismay, she hastened to say:

"I am real sorry, mamma! I caught my dress on a nail in the school yard fence. I couldn't help it tearing."

Again grandma looked up over her spectacles, but said nothing.

Just before bedtime there was a chorus of "ohs!" and "ahs!" from the table in the back parlor where the Norris children were clustered, preparing their lessons for the next morning.

"What is the matter out there?" asked their father, whose pursuit of the evening newspaper had been disturbed by their cries.

"I upset the ink bottle, papa," answered Minnie.

"All over my new atlas, too!" grumbled Will.

"It will not hurt it; it has only gone on the paper cover; and I'm sure we're mopping it up as fast as we can," cried Minnie.

"How came you to be so careless?"

"I don't know, sir. I suppose one of my books must have hit it in some way. I didn't mean to do it; I'm sure I couldn't help it," she replied. "I'm very sorry about it."

"Well, perhaps you couldn't avoid it; but do be more careful! For a girl twelve years old, you certainly get into a great many scrapes," said her mother quickly, afraid, perhaps, that Mr. Norris might feel it his duty to scold Minnie or to punish her.

Half an hour later Minnie was in her pretty little bedroom preparing for her nightly slumbers, when grandma came in.

"As a general rule, Minnie dear, I think you are a truthful girl. I was very glad to hear you own up so promptly and courageously when you upset that ink bottle a little while ago, but was exceedingly sorry to hear you tell an untruth about it."

"An untruth, grandma? I don't remember it. What did I say?" and Minnie looked and felt very much puzzled.

"The same, also untrue, which you said when you broke Alice's cup and saucer, when you tore your dress this morning, and which you have said on many, many other occasions—that you couldn't help it. In fact, it was not true! I could not help dropping the cup, nor—"

"Just think a moment, my dear; it was not at all necessary for you to have told me the cup; in fact, it was not yours, and you should not have done so; but after touching it, you did not grasp it firmly. Suppose, for example, you had been sure that it would have cost you your life if you dropped it, could you not then have avoided the calamity?"

"Yes, ma'am, I suppose so."

"And your dress was torn on a nail. I fancy that you were able to avoid going so near the nail. Where was it?"

Minnie looked the least bit guilty as she explained that she was trying to climb up the fence, just for fun, not even really get over it, and when she jumped down the offending nail did the mischief.

"Then you could have helped it?"

"Yes, ma'am. I understand now what you mean, I think. And if I had not been pushing my books on the table, so as to joggle Alice's slate, I would not have upset the ink."

"Exactly so. I am glad that you comprehend what I mean that in saying you 'couldn't help' this, that or the other, you were not telling the truth. You should have said, 'I did not try, as I ought to have done, to avoid unfortunate consequences' to some apparently trifling act. When one does what one ought not to do, or leaves a plain duty undone, one is responsible for the results, and therefore one can 'help it' oftener than we realize."

"Next time, grandma, I'll try and only say, 'I didn't mean to do it,' when I meet such misfortunes; for I see now that I wasn't really ready when I complained I 'couldn't help it.'"

—Universalist.

Beligious Items.

Mr. Charles Ping Li has given \$5,000 to St. Luke's Hospital, Shanghai.

Rev. Thomas Harrison, the evangelist, is now laboring in Lincoln, Nebraska.

The Protestant Episcopalians are having their Book of Common Prayer printed in the Chinese language for use in their missionary work. The work is being done in New York.

The trustees of the British Museum have just purchased Milton's Bible. It contains, in the poet's handwriting, the dates of the births of his children.

The Duke of Westminster sent a contribution of £200 toward the building of the new Wesleyan Chapel at Maes, near Wrexham, England.

A young Christian Chinaman, who is earning \$25 a month in the island of Tahiti, devotes \$20 of it to the purchase of tracts and leaflets for distribution among his countrymen.

The British Old Testament revisers have completed their labors. Their eighty-fifth and last session was recently held in the Jerusalem Chamber. The Revision is not likely to be in the hands of the public until next year.

Mrs. Wall's "beggar's meetings" in Rome continue to be a great success. Each meeting is attended by some hundred and fifty poor creatures who learn Scriptures and hymns.

Within the last eighteen years, according to the Irish World, the Irish people have contributed for various Roman Catholic causes in Ireland \$28,250,000, besides \$150,000 paid annually to the Pope.

The Fletcher Prize of \$500, offered by Dartmouth College for the best essay on "The Perpetual Obligation of the Lord's Day," has been awarded to Rev. George Elliott, of West Union, Iowa. The essay was published by the American Tract Society.

Since the installation of Rev. Dr. Meredith over the Union Church, Boston, last October, 107 persons have been united with the church—seventy-eight by letter and twenty-nine on confession of faith.

Many of the London street-cars, which run on more than 400 routes and carry 75,000,000 of people a year, have texts of Scripture neatly posted up in them, at an annual cost of two and a half dollars for each. This is the work of a London association formed for the purpose.

A persecution has begun against earnest evangelical Christians in Russia. Col. Paschoff and Count Korff, who have been active in holding religious meetings and in labor for the poor, are banished. It is also declared illegal to distribute the publications of the Religious Tract Society, though they bear the printed permission of the censor.

Mr. J. T. Sawyer, a negro merchant at Freetown, Sierra Leone, West Africa, has given \$5,000 to the Church Missionary Society, for the benefit of the native church and its missionary work in the colony.

During his visit to Palestine General Lew Wallace visited the old mosque at Hebron, being only the fifth Christian who had ever entered it. His predecessors were the Prince of Wales and his two sons and the Emperor of Austria. He went into every part of the cave except the Cave of Machpelah, which is entirely closed.

A joint effort is being made by the members of the New Church in England and America to raise sufficient money to erect a monument to Swedenborg in Stockholm. The intention is that the memorial shall consist of a church, a book-room, and a pastor's residence.

The thirty-sixth aggregate meeting of the Wesleyan Methodist Local Preachers' Mutual Aid Association has this year been held in Manchester. Over 200 members were present. On Sunday week about 150 services were conducted by members of the meeting. The collections realized over \$300. The association has nearly 4,000 members, including 980 honorary and 220 aged auxiliants.

annoyance. When she made a mince pie she would mark it "T. M." ("Tis Minnie"), and when she made any other kind she would mark that "T. M." ("Tain't Minnie").

Gems of Thought.

.... The fire-fly only shines when on the wing. So it is with the mind; when once we rest we darken.

.... To grow old is quite natural; being natural it is beautiful; and if we grumble at it, we miss the lesson, and lose all the beauty.—Friswell.

Talk not of wasted affection, affection never was wasted;
If it enrich not the heart of another, its waters, returning
Back to their springs, like the rain, shall fill them full of refreshment.

—Longfellow.

.... An illustration of Christian patience Mr. Spurgeon says: "The anvil breaks a host of hammers by quietly bearing its blows."

.... A noble and attractive every-day bearing comes of goodness, of sincerity, of refinement; and these are bred in years, not in moments.—F. D. Huntington.

The dear Lord's best interpreters
Are humble human souls;
The Gospel of a life like hers
Is more than books or scrolls.

—Wattier.

.... They that deserve nothing should be content with anything; bless God for what you have, and trust God for what you want; if we cannot bring our condition to our mind, we must bring our mind to our condition; if a man is not content in the state he is in, he will not be content in the state he would be in.—Erskine Mason.

.... There is a peculiar and appropriate reward for every act, only remember that the reward is not given for the merit of the act, but follows on as it inevitable in the spiritual kingdom, as wheat springs from the grain, and barley from its grain in the natural world.—F. W. Robertson.

.... Of all vessels, the fish-boat is, on the whole, to me most venerable; the joy and beauty of it all the while so mingled with the sense of danger, and the human effort, and sorrow going on perpetually, waves rolling forever, and winds moaning forever, and faithful hearts trusting and sickening forever, and brave lives dashed away about the rating beach forever; and still at the helm of ever lonely boat, through starlight and hope-dawn, his hand, who spread the fisher's net over the east of the Sidonian palace, and gave into the fisher's hand the keys of the kingdom of heaven.—Ruskin.</

Farm and Garden.

HINTS ABOUT WORK.

(Culled from the American Agriculturist.)

ORCHARD AND FRUIT GARDEN.

Decide whether to dispose of surplus and inferior fruit, by making it into vinegar, or by drying or evaporating it. Trees will be broken by careless pickers; saw off all injured limbs. The apple-worm may be diminished by picking up and destroying fallen fruit, or allowing the pigs to do it. Bands of carpet, bagging, or other fabric, fastened around the trunks of apple trees with a single long tack, will catch many apple-worms. Examine weekly for worms, and if found, pick them off. If trees set last spring suffer from drought, mulch them, or keep the soil loose. Young trees may have their shape controlled by pinching the ends of shoots that grow too vigorously. When the blackberry and raspberry crops are off, cut away the canes that have borne fruit. The new stems of blackberries should be stopped when five feet high; those of raspberries at three or four feet. Keep strawberry beds free of weeds. Plant new beds with plants rooted in pots. Whittling spots on the underside of grape leaves are mildew. Dust sulphur, with a sulphur-bellows, at once. Large caterpillars and beetles must be hand-picked. Continue to pinch laterals.

FLOWER GARDEN AND LAWN.

Do not mow the lawn too often in hot and dry weather. Keep the margins of beds, cut in lawns, well defined. Run a sharp spade into the soil, along the margins of the beds, to cut off grass roots. Ribbon or other beds planted in design, need care to keep the lines between the kinds of plants distinct, and all at a uniform height; this may be done by pinching and the use of the knife. Sticks and strings will be needed by Dahlias, Gladioli, and other tall plants. Keep the supports out of sight. Remove flowers and flower-clusters as soon as they begin to fade, unless seeds are to be saved. Chrysanthemums should be brought in singly by pinching. When buds are formed, pot those intended for house-blooming. Carnations, to bloom in winter, should have flower stems cut away as they appear.

GREENHOUSE AND WINDOW PLANTS.

Paint, glaze, and repair the green-houses. Secure pots, soil, sand, moss, and whatever else may be needed for winter use. Care for the plants in pots out of doors as directed in former months. Make cuttings of plants that were turned into the open ground. Camellias and other plants with thick leaves must not be exposed to the full sun. Fumigate house plants with tobacco smoke.

KITCHEN AND MARKET GARDEN.

Success in keeping down weeds, depends upon attacking them while they are small. A sharp rake is most effective if applied early. The use of the cultivator must be supplemented by hand weeding in the rows. Asparagus tops make a dense shade, and keep down small weeds; if any large ones appear, pull them. Of bush beans, the Refugee is preferred for late planting. Sweet corn of early kind growing varieties, may be planted for table and for drying. Celery is to be set out from the seed bed. If ground can be used from which a heavily manured early crop has been removed, all the better; otherwise the soil must be well manured. Mark out the rows, three or four feet apart, setting the plants six inches apart in the rows, taking care to set them no deeper than they stood before. Press the soil gently and firmly to the roots with the feet, and if it be dry, give an abundant watering. Afterwards keep the celery clear of weeds. When vines of Lima beans extend beyond the tops of the poles, nip off their ends. Tomato vines must be kept tied up to the trellis; remove all badly shaped fruit; hand pick and kill the great green worm.

SELECTED RECIPES.

Pickled Lamb's Tongues.—Boil until tender, put them in cold water and take off the skins. Scald enough vinegar to cover them, season with whole cloves and cinnamon; put tongues into a jar, pour over them the vinegar, and keep them well covered. If the tongues have not been corned, they will need salt.

Ink Stains.—Ink stains on mahogany or black walnut furniture may be removed by touching the stains with a feather wet in a solution of nitre and water—eight drops to a spoonful of water. As soon as the spots disappear, rub the place at once with a cloth wet in cold water. If the ink stains then remain, repeat, making the solution stronger.

Peach Cream.—Peach cream makes a pleasant variety from ice cream. The stones and skins are removed from very ripe, meaty peaches, which are then passed through a hair sieve. To each cupful of pulp add a cupful of pulverized sugar, and beat together. Whip a cupful of sweet thick cream for each cupful of pulp, mix gently together and put in a freezer to freeze. Thick flavored apples may be substituted for the peaches, or bananas or apricots may be used.

Bianc Mangle.—It is better, if possible, to soak the gelatine for this cream all night, because it will then dissolve in warm liquid, whereas if it is only slightly soaked the milk must be boiling. Warm three gills of cream, and dissolve in half an ounce of gelatine, previously soaked in half a gill of water. Sweeten to the taste, and flavor with extract of vanilla. When nearly cold stir into the bianc mangle the whites of two or three eggs beaten to a strong froth. This bianc mangle will be found light and nourishing in cases of great weakness.

Fruit in Tin Cans.—The fruit put up in tin cans should be taken out when the can is opened for use. If allowed to remain after the can is opened, the action of acid juices upon the tin when exposed to the air may form acetate of tin, which is poisonous. Pour the fruit out into glass or earthenware dishes, and the danger of poisoning is avoided.

Poultry Dressing.—Helen Campbell recommends, as a dressing for poultry, one part of bread or cracker crumbs, into which mix dry one teaspoonful of pepper, one of thyme or summer savory, one even teaspoonful of salt, and if in season, a little chopped parsley. Melt a piece of butter the size of an egg in one cupful of boiling water, and mix with the eggs, adding one or two well-beaten eggs. A slice of salt pork chopped fine is often substituted for the butter. For ducks, two onions are chopped fine, and added to the above.

FACTS ABOUT BISHOP HAMLINE.

BY REV. E. DAVIES.

SIXTH PAPER.

Mr. Hamline continued his evangelistic labors, and not only were sinners converted in abundance, but believers were sanctified also. He writes: "Several have been sanctified since we came here; some conversions; from thirty to forty mourners; congregations very crowded." At Ripley he writes: "I have been very happy. This morning we had no meeting in town, and I am going on a missionary tour to some villages down the river. Shall be back and preach to the children at 3 P. M. I have this morning felt the power of Christ resting upon me. Heaven is near. The Lord is so good that I can scarcely restrain my shouts. He is washing me clean. Be instant in prayer. I never felt so assured as I do now that Jesus will hear prayer. I am in haste; the skiff and the brother to row it, are waiting. Blessed be the God of our salvation! Amen and Amen!" Again he writes to Mrs. Hamline: "Eleven of the most interesting young people joined the church yesterday. The best families are coming in, and probably, if my preaching was ever blessed, it is here. I was exceedingly happy yesterday, almost in a better world. My heart burned like a living flame. Not quite so happy this morning, but I will trust and not be afraid. I have a special call here. I am happy, happy! God is doing wonders. It exceeds all."

Again he writes: "I am yet joyful in Jesus. All my soul is kept and saved; I am resting in God. The wonders of His love are shown me. The Lord bless my wife." Again he writes from the Conference: "Ten thousand were added to our church in this Conference the past year—an unheard-of thing in all the history of Methodism. My mind is kept in perfect peace. Oh, we shall shine in heaven! I seem near it. I have no waking temptations. When I recollect, as I lie down, to pray for spiritual dreams, they come. Last night I dreamed that my little Prince, in heaven, came and put his little hand to my mouth and kissed me. I awoke full of rapture. I felt happy to fall. All is well." Again he writes: "I rise very early and spend an hour in devotion. It is sweet to live and glorious to be immortal. Jesus bless you, dear! I have been praying much for you, and L. [his son]. I have a promise for him: 'I will pour My Spirit upon thy seed and my blessing upon thine offspring.'"

He still abounded in labors and writes: "Since Conference I have preached Christ and Him crucified in Ripley, Dover, Tavona, Covington, Shiloh, Cheviot, Aurora and Warsaw. The word of God has had free course; and more than five hundred have been added to the Lord. For one week I have been resting from these labors and enjoying the peace of home. My breast (which is much affected by preaching more than seventy sermons in two months, with all my editorial duties) is now getting strong again, and to-day I expect to get miles into the country and recommence my labors. I have been watered, also, myself. God has made the labors of the ministry sweet, unexpectably sweet. I have felt the support of His promise, 'I will be with you always.' I have felt a divine energy while laboring in His vineyard. I have been loosened in some measure from sin and the world. I can say,—

"Tis all my business here below
To cry, Behold the Lamb!"

My labors are heavy. I take my papers often into the country with me and write between preachings. Pray for us. We shall be satisfied when we awake with His likeness."

He was very anxious for the conversion of his son, and wrote him a faithful letter as follows: "Young people and boys are turning to Christ in such a manner as was never witnessed before. The country seems all alive on the great subject of religion. Another reason why we think more of you than usual is that we have felt a most unusual anxiety about your salvation, and spend much time on our knees, pleading with God to convict and convert you. Generally we are praying for you at eight o'clock in the morning, and at half-past five in the evening. Will you not join with your dear parents at that time in asking the bleeding Saviour to give you a new heart? We often think that unless your heart is changed, your life will be short, and sometimes, after pleading with God earnestly to convict you, I think I may possibly hear either that you are converted or are dead. I do not know that the judgment is near, but I believe that fearful events are just at hand, and we should be prepared for them. But, above all, death is near; our days are passing away, and we shall all soon be in the grave, in heaven or in hell. Oh, that the blessed Jesus would prepare us for the final state!"

"Why, my dear son, do you not say a word in your letters about your soul? Surely you may confide in your parents. We should not harshly, or unkindly sit in judgment upon your words. Think, L., that all other things are a cipher when compared with the salvation of your soul. We would rather hear that you have a serious concern for your soul than to hear that you had become the owner of the city of New York, or monarch of the world. The Lord bless my son and give him a new heart and the unutterable joys of religion."

This shows the yearnings of a father's heart for his motherless son, and also the faith that claims his salvation in answer to his continued and fervent prayers.

(To be continued.)

REMINISCENCES OF TEXAS.

There is no man in the history of our American Methodism whose name is mentioned with more tenderness and love by our people throughout the South than Bishop Gilbert Haven. In their estimation all of his speeches, sermons

and letters relating to them, pointed in one direction—to towards their uplifting. Other men have passed through the South and tried to measure up to him in the use of brave words about the manifold destiny of the colored people, but their yardstick has been too short.

At the session of the Texas Conference in 1878 he presided. During the examination of the character of the elders certain things relating to two of the white members were brought out that were in no way ornamental to the Christian character. The Bishop gave what we thought was a just and merited rebuke, assuring the Conference that in the country where he was born, men accused as these two had been, if guilty, would be sent to the penitentiary, and not to preach. The next morning, the Bishop conducted the opening religious exercises by reading the 91st Psalm and the hymn commencing, "A charge to keep I have," and then requested a colored brother to lead in prayer. The prayer was homogeneous. Some of the sentences were specimens of artless eloquence that flowed from his lips as fresh and sparkling as a mountain cascade:—

"O Lord, don't am honest, great and holy. Notten dat am unclean an dishonest can touch de. O Lord, cum an teach all classes an colors de lesson ob honesty; make dem honest wid dare tongues, dare feet, dare hands, dare heads and dare hearts. O Lord, make um honest inside and outside, in de dark an in de light. O Lord, sweet babe ob Bethlehem, cum and bless dis our lubben Bishop; front an fight his ebery battle; send him fress dis world like a pigeon on de wings ob de eagle, an when de race am run an de last battle am fought wid dat ob serpent de debble, an dare wid am no more for him to do in dis world, let him mount de swift chariot and hab a short ride home to glory; and den, O Lord, wid Abraham an Isaac an Jacob on de plains ob glory, himself all covered wid glory, let him ground his arms near de throne ob de Lamb an lib an rest an shout for eber an eber."

This prayer was uttered in a well-controlled and musical voice, and with a power and pathos no one could forget. At the close a volley of amens rose from all parts of the house. In after days I came to know this man. Physically he was tall, straight as an arrow and black as a coal. He was as artless as a child, and as free from guile as Nathaniel. Of books he knew but little—could not write his own name; but he was as truly called and taught by God as were the fishermen of Galilee. I stood by his bedside in his lowly cabin when he mounted the chariot and crossed the river exclaiming, "De angels am cummin, de angels am cummin, I seed dem. Brudder Cushman, de Lord has sent dem to take me ober Jordan." No massive monument bears his humble name, but no doubt his redeemed and triumphant spirit, with that of the Bishop, rests in the desired haven.

L. P. CUSHMAN.

Obituaries.

Mrs. HELEN A. REED, daughter of Isaac and Rebecca Graves, died at the family residence in Burnham, Me., June 29, 1884.

Born in 1849, she early showed signs of growing conviction, which culminated in conversion when her age was about fifteen, and in formal union with the M. E. Church, a few years later. Ever after she unflinchingly pursued the tenor of a calm and earnest Christian life, always endeavoring to frame her conduct according to the dictates of a divinely-directed conscience.

In 1873 she was married to Mr. Lucius E. Reed, of Boston, and resided with him at Richmond camp-ground for five years; thereafter at Burnham until her decease. They had two children—a boy and girl, now aged six and two respectively—and for their sakes and that of her husband the mother wished to live, even when death was hovering darkly about her.

But yet she did not fear the summons. On being questioned concerning her spiritual state and readiness to meet death, she answered, as not fully assured that her time had come. "When it comes to that, I know that I shall live also." Her last hours were the occasion of a solemn exhibition of the triumphs of Christian faith over the horrors of death and the grave. "I am not afraid to face death at any moment; I have perfect trust." She continued conscious until the last moment, exhorting those around to praise God and not weep, striving herself to join in the song which she at her request were singing. Thus rapturously she "fell on sleep." Much and sincere sympathy is extended to the stricken husband, the bereaved mother, the sorrowing children, relatives and friends of the deceased.

DAVID BELCHER departed this life in Wintthrop, Aug. 7, 1883, aged 74 years.

Brother Belcher was a man of marked industrial habits, and a prominent citizen of the town, holding offices of honor and trust. For about fifty years he was an esteemed member of the M. E. Church, and did much for the promotion of its interests. His home was the resting-place for many a weary pilgrim toiling in the Master's vineyard. His occupation has gone after a short illness to rest forever in the "house not made with hands." The deceased left a widow and an adopted daughter, and a large circle of friends to mourn his departure. "The fathers, where are they?" Not here, but in the world of substance and joy.

H. C. DUNHAM.

plished, but not without considerable sacrifice and self-denial on the part of the faithful ones. Brother Brackett was one of them. He gave liberally of his money, labor and time in securing the erection of the church and in sustaining the preaching of the Gospel and the upbuilding of the church of Christ.

In his last sickness, which was but for a few days, he gave evidence that he was sustained and comforted by the assurance of the abiding presence of Jesus his Saviour. He has now gone to his rest, and "his works do follow him." He is greatly missed by the church and community which he had faithfully served, as well as by his bereaved wife and children. "Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord." J. T. D.

PELATIAH PURINGTON died at Henniker, N. H., June 30, 1884.

He was born in Henniker, April 7, 1811, and went to Lynn in 1828. He was married in 1837 to Elizabeth Keene of Lynn. His wife died in 1873. He made his home in Lynn, with the exception of two years spent in the South, until December, 1881, when he returned to Henniker. He was a member of the Society of Friends, an earnest, consistent Christian man, beloved and respected by all who knew him. He was a frequent attendant upon Methodist services, and contributed freely of his means to the support of that church. Rev. W. W. Le Sueur, pastor of the M. E. Church in Mattapan, at his request, attended his funeral.

Mrs. DEBORAH BOYD died in Newburyport, June 23, 1884, aged 64 years.

Sister Boyd was converted nearly five years ago, under the preaching of Rev. W. P. Ray, and joined the Washington Street Church in Newburyport. She was ever a very amiable and kind-hearted woman, and in her death the poor have lost a tender friend. Since her connection with the church, her exemplary Christian life has evidenced true discipleship born of the Holy Spirit. Her last illness, very severe and protracted, was borne with the fortitude of faith, and her end was peace.

J. PETERSON.

FREDERICK S. JANVICK died in Newburyport, April 4, 1884, at the age of 28 years and 11 months.

From his childhood Fred was thoughtful, serious and very conscientious, and for a long time in his youth was deeply interested in religious matters, and came out decided in the great Master's service in March, 1874, under the labors of Rev. J. F. Meers, and joined the Washington Street Church, to which he was ever most ardently attached. His religious convictions were positive, and he possessed a courage commensurate with theirs. He fully believed in entire sanctification, and rejoiced for several years in the daily experience of it. He was ever most faithful in attendance upon all of the services of the church, and never failed to testify to the decisions of personal Christian experience whenever opportunity offered. As a dutiful and affectionate son and loving brother he was worthy the highest commendations. He was recognized by all who knew him as a most decided, exemplary, consistent Christian, "an epistle known and read of all men."

The suffering of a crippled body that necessitated the use of crutches from childhood, and of a final long and most painful sickness, were borne with fortitude most heroic, worthy indeed a saint of God. Heaven often seemed lending wings to such a sick one. His last prayer meeting testimony was characteristic. "What we do, we must do quickly."

His life was truly a constant triumph of faith, yet far transcended in the experience of the last hour. His death was gloriously triumphant, reminding us of that of the martyr Stephen. Never has such ecstatic victory come to our personal knowledge. It was not death; it was translation and transfiguration in one.

J. PETERSON.

Mrs. EVELINE TODD GUNNISON was born in Kittery, Maine, May 15, 1804, and died in Newburyport, Mass., June 9, 1884.

She was converted and joined the M. E. Church in Portsmouth, N. H., in early life, under the labors of Rev. Ephraim Wiley. In September, 1828, she joined, by letter, the old Liberty Street Church, Newburyport, and continued a member until her death, excepting from 1837 to 1840, when she resided in Gloucester and was a member of the M. E. Church there during that time.

Mother Gunnison, as she has been familiarly called for many years, was ever a most faithful worker in the church where her interest chiefly centered, and which she greatly loved. Her house was for many years the "Methodist home," and there the Ladies' Circle held its annual meetings for a long period. She passed through great afflictions—was a widow for more than forty-four years, and more than thirty years ago buried the last of her four children; yet was she ever cheerful and courageous, upheld by Christian faith and hope. She was a careful reader of Zion's Herald for more than half a century, and to near the very last of life quite active and greatly interested in the prosperity of every department of church work. She lived a busy, earnest life, and peacefully passed away "in a full age, like as a shock of corn cometh in its season," after but a brief period of severe sickness.

J. PETERSON.

TO PRESERVE THE RICHNESS OF COLOR OR DELICACY OF TINT OF YOUR SUMMER DRESSES, MAKE SUDS OF HOT WATER AND IVORY SOAP, ALLOW TO COOL UNTIL LUKEWARM, THEN WASH YOUR DRESSES IN THE SOLUTION. ORDINARY SOAPS CONTAIN TOO MUCH ALKALI, WHICH IN A SHORT TIME BLEACHES THE COLOR AND DESTROYS ITS BEAUTY. PROF. SILLIMAN, OF YALE COLLEGE, SAYS, "THE IVORY SOAP 'CAN NOT INJURE THE MOST DELICATE FABRIC.'"

Free of charge. A full size cake of Ivory Soap will cure Catarrh of the Head, Throat, Lungs, Bladder, and all other Catarrhs. It is a powerful antiseptic, and will cure all Catarrhs. It is a powerful antiseptic, and will cure all Catarrhs. It is a powerful antiseptic, and will cure all Catarrhs.

During her last sickness she renewed her vows and joined St. Paul's Church on probation through the faithful and loving ministrations of the pastor, Rev. R. F. Holway. Her last words were, her husband sitting by her bed, her hand in his, her eyes fixed upward: "Jesus! six or seven times; then, 'My baby—grandmother—Mamma!'" the same number of times; then "father" twice, and was gone—one moment in the body uttering the name of her Jesus and her own precious baby and other dear friends, the next with them, and forever. Friends present only knew she had gone because they could not see that she breathed. Oh, this was not a death, but a birth out of the body into the kingdom with the spirits of the just made perfect gone before.

His funeral, in relation to this, said he could have no stronger evidence of the reality of Christianity. Her mind was unclouded, and of an imaginative cast; so the writer has no doubt of its reality. May the lonely husband, who said his companion was "all the world," to him, make sure of joining her and their infant son in that world where there is no sickness, no sorrow, no parting! And may all her friends be likewise admonished.

J. W.

BETSEY McFARLAND, wife of Robert McFarland, fell asleep, July 7, 1884, aged 80 years, 1 month, 11 days.

She was born in Bristol, May 26, 1804, and was married in 1823, having passed sixty-one years of married life. She was the mother of nine children—two sons and seven daughters—all living to be men and women before one was taken. They settled in and near their home at New Harbor. Sister McFarland was converted early in life, was baptized, and lived a consistent Christian, doing good to those around her. Although her last years have been years of pain, yet patiently she waited God's time, and peacefully passed over the river to meet one gone before, and await on the other shore for her loved and aged companion. May the golden lamps of heaven shed their light on his pathway, guiding safely to till he gain the heights, there to be united in a glorious reunion where parting is unknown!

E. A. G.

A STRONG TESTIMONIAL.

The following letter, from the wife of Attorney General Fair, of Tennessee, gives a clear and emphatic report of the great benefit received from the use of Compound Oxygen:

"BROOKLYN, TEX., October 16, 1882. 'DR. STARKER & PALMER:—For seventeen years I have been a sufferer from Catarrh of the Bladder, which has been the cause of much suffering and has rendered me almost helpless. I have been treated by many of the best physicians, but have not been able to get any relief. I have been using Compound Oxygen, and since that time have steadily improved without any falling back. For years I had not had two good nights' rest in succession, but since using your remedy, have slept well. It is now twelve months since I have had an attack of bilious colic, and have fewer symptoms of the return of the disease than for years. You are at liberty to publish this."

"MRS. JOHN FAIR."

Our "Treatise on Compound Oxygen," containing a history of the discovery and mode of action of this remarkable curative agent, and a large record of surprising cures in Consumption, Catarrh, Neuritis, Bronchitis, Asthma, etc., and a wide range of chronic diseases, will be sent free. Address, DR. STARKER & PALMER, 1109 and 1111 Girard Street, Philadelphia.

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